



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Return to Red Brook Harbor"
"Another Search for the Perfect Boat"

Volume 24 – Number 18

February 1, 2007



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I recently received an email printout from reader Lynn Hoffman whose accompanying note stated, "I just discovered that *MAIB* is listed on Amazon.com. You can search under magazines. Best of all there's a place to write a review and toot the horn of this great little mag." Lynn went on to toot our horn a bit as follows:

"*Messing About in Boats* is a biweekly, black and white, loosely edited and compiled magazine. The articles are mostly contributions from readers about building, caring for, and enjoying small boats. It has not the slightest trace of professional publishing about it. Even the name seems to be deliberately unslick.

The issue in front of me now has two pages of photos from a catboat race last fall, seven pages of reminiscences from journeys taken, two pages on a pair of brothers and their wooden motorboat, an article on steam launches and sea chests. Almost every page, even the most practical and hands-on, is the stuff of dreams.

But the juiciest part to me is the classified advertising in the back. The ads are free to subscribers. These are the pages from which I bought, and through which I sold, my Sea Pearl *Judith*. They are also the first thing I turn to when my copy arrives.

MAIB is where the catalog of dreams and achievable adventures begins. It's a place to plan, and learn, too, about voyages that most of us can afford to take and about the excitement of actually doing it. Too many sailing magazines exist to tout the desirability of boats and trips and gear that most of us will never see and dreams that will always remain dreams. This wonderful magazine is there to remind us that the best dreams are ones that we can fulfill and also to show us how to do it."

This was very nice and thank you, Lynn. Imagine, *MAIB* listed on Amazon.com in the heart of internet country. How we ever got listed I do not know, I have never contacted Amazon.com nor they me. Yet there we are. But, and this is a very big but, I noted with some interest that, "Price is \$42

(\$1.75/issue)," and that "this magazine subscription is provided by Magazine Express, Inc." How they came up with that price, \$10 over our just increased price, and who Magazine Express is, I know not.

My initial reaction to these revelations was to surmise that someone, somewhere within that vast Amazon world was certainly presumptuous to enter a listing for us (featuring the cover from the January 15, 2004 issue, about three years ago) without even contacting me and including in the listing a price picked from the air apparently and a subscription fulfillment firm I have never heard of. I wasn't outraged at this because this is all sort of academic, there has not been a single subscription, or even an inquiry, resulting from this listing. How could there be, our address/phone/email aren't included.

A closer look at three other reviews that appeared on the printout revealed them as being dated in 2004 apparently, judging from the cover illustrated, when the listing went in. I wondered if anyone ever ordered a \$42 subscription from Magazine Express, and if so, what happened?

Thinking I might inquire of Amazon about all this I ran into a wall, nowhere on the email stuff was any address or phone number. Perhaps were I online I might find some indication on the Amazon site as to how I might reach the person or persons responsible for this charade for an explanation. I'm not pursuing it as I really don't care, while it has not helped me at all, neither has it harmed me.

What, how about all those subscriptions we could be getting? Judging from the results from our own internet presence, which contributes about 10% of our subscriptions, I don't think I'm missing much and I suspect there must be a cut in any transaction there somewhere for Amazon. This just has reaffirmed my conviction that I am quite content to continue on my way well off that internet superhighway, far removed from its virtual wonders, out here on this dirt road interested in real people who enjoy real boats and the real experiences they can provide.

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On the Cover...

Sam Glasscock's 31' Bolger Topaz, *Spat*, hustling right along on a cruise from Delaware to Lake Champlain. Sam tell us all about the trip in this issue.

15' Gunning Dory

15' LOA X 3'9" beam @ the sheer x 1'8" beam @ bottom x 125 lbs. Hand layup fiberglass hull, teak woodwork, stainless and bronze fasteners/hardware, all built to the highest level of quality and strength. Rigged with three oarlock stations and easily adjustable seats that allow rowing for one person, two persons, or one rower and one or two passengers. This is an intelligently simple boat; with a pair of oars, a little safety gear, and some lovely shoreline to explore you'll savor the delightful feeling of your body pulling on the oars and moving a beautiful streamlined object through the water. We've used this boat ourselves since 1978 and have rowed it in flat and rough water, surf, whitewater, strong winds, made open water crossings (Maine to Nova Scotia!) and she performed capably in all conditions and with a good load if necessary. The Gunning Dory has won several prestigious races including the Oarmaster Trials and last year's Snow Row! Dories have long been considered pound for pound the most seaworthy small boats afloat. The ocean hasn't changed in millennia, and time honored traditional dory designs work as well now as they did in the past. You may only use this boat for recreational purposes, but it will serve you as well as it did the sporting and working watermen of previous centuries. Go fishing, exploring, picnicking, or just give yourself and the Dory a good workout. One of the best features of the Dory is that it can be rowed doubles. There's nothing quite like the synchronicity of two pair of oars nicely feathered, sliding across the water on the backstroke and urging the boat ahead on the pull stroke. However you'll use it, this is the simple recipe for attainable, affordable boating pleasure. It's not complicated, and only takes minutes to get afloat. It isn't hard to imagine the fun you could have with the Crawford Gunning Dory. This boat is fast, seaworthy, beautiful, superbly built and ever so simple to use and fits into your busy lifestyle! Limited production in '07, so contact us soon for availability.

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You write to us about...

Information of Interest..

Florida West Coast Tides

I have read with interest and delight the articles by Herman Gucinski on tides and their regularity and predictability around the world. The tides at my home port of New London, Connecticut, are so uniform that they become part of one's being, not unlike phases of the moon. I must admit the "why" of the tides are still somewhat of a mystery but certainly the "when" is as certain as Amtrak.

During the winter months I change my port of call to Charlotte Harbor in southwest Florida. I recently picked up a tide chart for the month of December 2006 and was amazed at the information thereon, all of which is based on the water levels at the Rte. 41 bridge in Punta Gorda. Boca Grand pass, located between the islands of Gasparilla and Cayo Costa, would require a subtraction of 2hrs 18min for high tides and 3hrs 23min for low tides. I found that 16 days of the month had four tides, two high and two low. This is very much the same as southern New England.

What was confusing to me is that three days of the month had but three tides, while 11 days had only two tides, one high and one low. Most spectacular was that December 18 had only one tide, a low occurring at 8:27am. No other tides happened that day. I would have to conclude that a conventional tide clock or wrist watch purporting to show tide information might be more of a nautical decoration than a useful piece of navigational hardware to mariners along the Gulf coast of Florida.

In New England the tide information is often used to monitor current flow as this information can be useful to displacement hull craft. Generally speaking, water depth is not an issue along this deepwater coastline. In Charlotte Harbor, Florida, and the inshore portion of the Gulf of Mexico water depth is very important. The intracoastal waterway is rarely dredged and there are places where it is much thinner than specifications call for. Even in the best of locations the channel is narrow and boats with deep draft need to be careful to not stray out of the "ditch." It is an everyday occurrence to see fast moving boats power themselves onto sandbars. Depending on the day of the month they may have to wait 24 hours or more for a friendly tide to float them back to deeper water.

There are many places hereabouts that water depth can average 3' or less outside of the dug channels. The difference between winter and summer average barometric pressures can significantly lower the water levels in wintertime. When the winter winds blow for a few days from any northerly quadrant, the water is blown out of the south end of Charlotte Harbor around Sanibel and Pine Islands. Sustained northerly winds can negate the tides entirely and all information printed on a tide chart becomes so much wishful thinking until the front moves through and the winds abate.

The thin water hereabouts has resulted in some unique watercraft. Mullet boats used to be craft of choice for shallow water, but they have now been superseded by overpowered and over-priced flats boats.

Capt Kent Lacey, Lake Suzy, FL,
KentLacey@SBCglobal.net



Projects..

High School Projects in Tennessee

During the French and Indian War (1754-1763) the British colony of South Carolina felt threatened by French activities in the Mississippi River Valley. To counter this threat the colony sent the Independent Company of South Carolina to construct and garrison what became Fort Loudoun. This move helped to ally the Overhill Cherokee Nation in the fight against the French and guaranteed trade would continue between South Carolina and the Cherokee.

Fort Loudoun State Historic Area is the site on Tellico Lake here in eastern Tennessee where a group of students from Maryville High School take their "final exam" at the end of each semester in May and December, the final exam being the launching of the boats they have built in their canoe building class. Their teacher, Martin Walker, guides his students with skill and patience throughout the semester. This fall his class built two boats, a 16' Micmac cedar strip canoe and a 15' Robb White-designed cedar strip Sportboat.

Throughout the semester, besides building a boat, students learn about wood, its characteristics and what they can create with wood. However, the most important lesson these students learn while attaching the strips or gunwales is teamwork.

On December 16 we were very fortunate to have unseasonably warm weather with the temperature at 64 degrees. Students were able to paddle, cruise around in, and admire their creations. Taking a ride in a boat they helped build is a wonderful celebration.

Henry Champagny, Greenback, TN



I Have in Mind to Build...

I have in mind to build this winter a simple skiff that I could singlehand into the back of the truck or onto the top should I put a canopy on it, but I really haven't decided. Like almost everyone else around here I have a 12' aluminum boat but it's too heavy to manhandle so it stays on its trailer. I've enclosed some pix of boats that I've built, or rebuilt in the case of the Chris.

The Chris was my first big project. It was in (actually half in) my shop building for 18 months. It was much more work than I had envisioned. I ended up completely stripping the hull and removing all fittings, hardware, electrical, and mechanical except the transmission and rudder. I installed a rebuilt Chrysler 318, all new wiring, new console with new instruments, new shaft and prop, new upholstery, new convertible top, \$650 worth of chrome plating new paint from bare wood, you get the idea.



The next was a nice little project that taught me lofting. I can't remember where I got the plans but they called it a skip-jack, which it really wasn't.

Next was Monfort's "Classic 10" geodesic design. A lot of

work making all those tiny ribs out of 2"x10" oak planks but it sure was a pretty little hull and it taught me how to shrink Dacron exactly how you would have to do for re-covering an old airplane.



The latest was Payson's "Skimmer." It's just a box. It was going to be my spur-of-the-moment stick it in the truck boat but I overbuilt it and it got quite heavy. I, of course, sold all of them for about half of what they cost for the materials.



On another topic, The December 1 issue has an article written by Henry Van Dyke. What a great read. His words flow as the rivers he describes.

Tom O'Connor, Gig Harbor, WA

MacGregor Tri Finished, Birdwatcher Next

We finished the akas and amas from the CLC plans for our MacGregor canoe. They came out very well. The boat has unbelievable stability with its 10' beam and accelerates quickly, we need a larger sail now.

We ordered plans from Phil Bolger for a Birdwatcher 2, won't start on it until spring. We want to have something to sleep in, keep me out of the sun, and to corral little ones as we will become grandparents around the 1st of May. Probably planning a little far ahead.

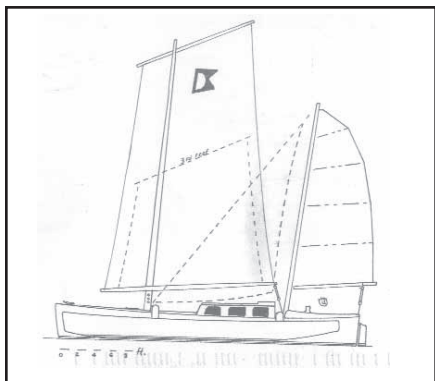
Rex and Kathie Payne, Nashville, IN



High Elevation Tri Project

This trimaran, my Design #143, is being built at 6,600' altitude in New Zealand. Simplicity is 40'3" loa x 38'8" lwl x 27'0" beam with a draft of 1'8" to 7', sail area carried is 688sf and she displaces 9,000lbs. She is an offshore cruiser.

Dick Newick, P.O. Box 2341, Sebatopol, CA 95473



Polysails Go Overseas

We continue to send polysails overseas. Recently I sent a kit to Spain, a finished set of Weekender sails to France, and a set of Vacationer sails to Columbia. Because of shipping costs we are seeing more demand for completed sails from overseas customers. While I enjoy constructing the finished sails, my output of these is usually limited to a couple of sets per month.

Dave Gray, Polysails International, 22 Sunblest Ct., Fishers, IN 46038



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In Memoriam...

Thomas Firth Jones

We were greatly saddened to learn of Tom's death. He seemed like one of those thin old guys who would last forever and lay it all to smoking and drinking. We'll certainly miss his pithy comments.

We met at some nautical affair down at St. Mary's City. I sought the shade where he and Carol were hunkered down to avoid the fierce sun. It soon developed that we had interests in common. Janis and I visited at their lovely place on the water in New Jersey from time to time after that.

When in the neighborhood I would call to say we might stop by. It was never "when are you coming?" but always "will we have the pleasure of your company for dinner?" He was always gracious and hospitable. Still, he was a man of opinions and didn't hesitate to comment on various boats. He assured me that my Wee Punkin wouldn't stand a chance against his El Toro. He was an avid El Toro racer.

By one of those coincidences which seem to happen quite frequently, his old Harvard roommate lived in Plateau Valley, Colorado, where I hang out. I looked him up and soon ran into another Harvard man. Their first concern was whether or not I played bridge. I heard some tales about those undergrad days. Seems there were some problems, among them something to do with motorcycle repair in their rooms.

Tom was one of that rare group who was designer, builder, and a real blue water sailor. He and Carol made several runs to the Azores and, in recent years, a summer run to New England. When he wrote that they had sold the boat in New England because it was getting to be too much, I figured he was just showing good sense. Like most of us old guys, I never gave a thought to his mortality.

I have a note from him on the letterhead of the Portuguese Partida Comunista. It doesn't mean anything except that he was a free thinker or frugal enough not to waste paper. I believe he was a true free spirit although it might not be readily apparent.

He was an honest workman, talented writer, keen intellect, real sailor, a good man to know. Our heartfelt condolences to his charming wife.

Jim and Janis Thayer, Collbran, CO



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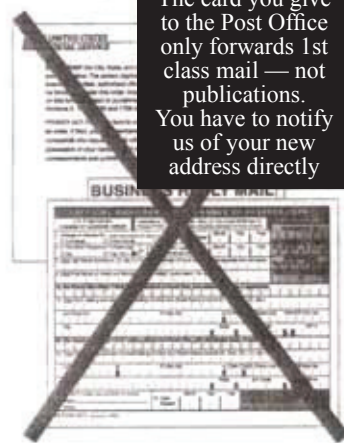
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One day this past summer my wife asked me that one question that most waterlubbers probably get asked at least once in their lifetimes. "What's with you and this boat thing? Why do you spend so much time thinking, breathing, and playing around in boats? Boats, boats, boats, that's all I ever hear. You were never like this before, so what has happened to you? What's WRONG with you anyway?"

A fair question but, squirming in my seat, I couldn't come up with an answer just then. Oh, I'm sure I said something like it's in my blood because of my great-great-great relative Chris Columbus, or maybe I romanticized it by saying something about being able to trespass the border of land and sea, or in my case, bay, to explore the vast unknown, daring to go where no man in his SeaPearl has gone before. I do remember bringing up Noah and his Ark "so don't get on my case because just think of where we'd all be if he hadn't messed about in boats." Noah is always a good scapegoat because it adds a level of holiness to boating. Now, who can argue with that?

But, in truth, it took considerable contemplation (yes, on the water) to try to come up with some satisfactory answers. This was a deep subject and an honest look into my inner man was required in order to present my case truthfully. Was I ready to face the reality of what might be uncovered in this delving into my psyche?

Well, I'd have to blame television. Yup, you heard me right, the tube, the idiot box, the cathode ray god. Being born in the early '50s I grew up on it and was fed a steady diet of "McHale's Navy," "Gilligan's Island," "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," "Sea Hunt," and "Flipper." Hardcore addicts will also remember "Diver Dan," possibly where we received our first introduction to "land" beyond land! With all this

What's Wrong With Me?

By Bob Errico

brainwashing at such a young and impressionable age, there wasn't much hope of me becoming a landlubber.

Movies just reinforced the weekly indoctrinations. "Moby Dick," "The African Queen," "The Old Man and the Sea," and "Captains Courageous" are but a few examples, but most I can't remember because I think they were woven into my impressionable cerebral subliminally in my youth by my mother.

The only problem with my explanation is that I also watched "Combat" but never joined the military, probably saw every "Bonanza" episode but never had the urge to ride the wild range, although I did admire Pa for raising those three rascally boys, albeit with the help of Hop Sing. I viewed "Mr. Ed" weekly but our dog and cat don't seem to speak English although they are plenty smart, more so than some of these supposed humans around here who pretend to navigate their land yachts on the local asphalt channels. And whenever "Car 54, Where Are You?" was on our TV, I was there but never had the urge to become an officer of the law. So you can see there are a few holes in my theory.

Although I must admit, I still do watch "Columbo" on a regular basis and have had to confess to myself that I secretly want to be the detective, always cracking those practically perfect crimes in the last five minutes of the show while coming off like a complete bozo in the process. Some friends say I have perfected the latter. My family has even stated that in an annoyance race, the lieutenant

and I are neck and neck but I'm pulling ahead! Genius is rarely understood.

Well, if the real truth be known, and I suppose it shall, I can't say for sure why I love to be on the water. I can't explain why, as a 10-year-old kid, I went on a rowing adventure across a lake in northern New Jersey that horrified my parents while on a family vacation. My mom, at 75, has a wonderfully thick head of gray Irish hair. I believe they started turning gray when I was born and that I'm probably responsible for every one of them.

I can't explain spending countless hours of my youth at the Manasquan Inlet just watching the boats coming and going, or even now why I find myself in Barnegat Light on Long Beach Island, New Jersey, staring at the Barnegat Inlet, checking the tides as if looking in on an old friend. I've come to the conclusion that my love for the water is truly indefinable and indescribable.

Or, can I explain why my friend Charlie and I can sail the waters of Barnegat Bay for hours each summer on his Sunfish, sometimes content with the silence of the slapping water on the hull, other times solving the problems of the world which, in our opinion, ain't that hard. (Note to world leaders: If you promise to behave and listen, we may allow you aboard next summer.)

I've come to the conclusion that I have a problem. I mean, it's like a real addiction which seems to be getting worse every year. Perhaps my wife is right, there is something wrong with me. Maybe there is some help for me among the readership of these pages because I don't know where else to turn. Of course, if you pore through this fine publication like I do, anxiously waiting for each issue to arrive, maybe we're in the same boat together. (Pun quite intended!) In any event, if you think you have a solution to my problem, please don't call... I like the water just fine!

In 1949 I was serving aboard the destroyer *USS Perry DD844*, a Gearing Class ship. Together with seven sister destroyers we made up the 8th Destroyer Squadron. At that time the Cold War with the Soviet Union was in full cry and the Defense Department was certain that if there was to be a hot war it would take place in northern seas and climes. Therefore, they put together a training exercise that was to last for 33 days and take place in the Arctic between Baffin Island, Canada, and Greenland.

Our squadron was joined by the *USS Mindoro* (an escort carrier, sometimes called a "jeep" carrier) as flagship to make up what was called a task group. The task group departed Norfolk, Virginia, in November and, together with the rest of the Atlantic Fleet, set sail for the Arctic.

Our task group operated as a hunter-killer group, meaning that our primary mission was to seek out and destroy enemy submarines, and soon after our departure every ship in the fleet spent 12 hours each day at General Quarters, hunting submarines and conducting drills.

The weather was atrocious. Destroyers are noted to be rather agile in rough seas and on this occasion they didn't do anything to alter their reputation. One morning, just after daybreak on another cold bleak dreary rough day, the squadron formed up for refueling at

A Rogue Wave

By Joseph Ress

sea. Each ship in the squadron took station on the *USS Caloosahatchie*, a fleet oiler, preparing to refuel in sequence.

When our turn came about an hour later, all hands went to fueling at sea stations. The oiler passed the forward and aft hoses to our starboard side and a replenishment line was passed amidships; we started the refueling operation without incident. My station was on the main deck supervising the receiving and replenishment stations. We had been taking on fuel for about five minutes; I was at the forward fueling station when I happened to look up and saw a monster wave coming at us from ahead of the ship. To me it looked like it was 60' high, but I surmised that wave heights looked different when viewed from the main deck. I was accustomed to seeing waves from the bridge level. I even recall commenting to myself that things looked different from the main deck.

In any event, it turned out to be a rogue wave, a real one. When it hit us it parted both fueling hoses and the replenishment line. It also knocked one of the seamen at the forward fueling station overboard and slammed the Chief Boatswains Mate and

another petty officer into the bulkhead just aft of the fueling station.

Fortunately for the fireman who was washed overboard, the *USS Lloyd Thomas*, which was astern and waiting to go alongside, picked him up before hypothermia set in. Unfortunately, the Chief and the petty officer were not so lucky. The Chief broke his back and was later medically discharged from the Navy, and the petty officer got sewn up on the wardroom table after he had lost many, many teeth. I was the luckiest of all, I got washed through the open bulkhead door and ended up on my rear end way down the main deck past the midships passageway.

The wave did some superficial damage to the superstructure and it was powerful enough to actually twist the ship's hull a bit. We later discovered that the roller paths for the forward main battery 5" gun mounts had been distorted over a degree, which indicated that the forward part of the hull was twisted.

It was hardly the pleasantest cruise I ever made in the *Perry*, but later that winter in January and February the fleet again went on maneuvers. This time it was Operation Portrex, where we spent several weeks in the Caribbean chasing submarines and landing Marines on Vieques Island. What a difference!

During the many years I spent in the Navy I am happy to say that I never saw another rogue wave. One was enough

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

Once upon a river there was a fellow with a canoe. It happened to be myself. Now I've gotten past the hard part. I was young once, although you may find that difficult to believe, and dated this young lady from Massachusetts. It hadn't taken me long to discover that she was a waterwoman.

I used to drive up from Connecticut on weekends with my little canoe strapped tightly to my orange VW bug with the black paisley design on the hood. I crammed it with paddles and sleeping bags and homemade granola and life preservers and books about the care and feeding of mermaids. I wooed this gal with granola and followed that up with the Connecticut River for a chaser.

It worked, by golly. She went canoeing with me. Our very first trip we put in by the Coolidge Bridge in Hadley. Just downriver the Holyoke dam stands high enough to allow you time for the whole Lord's Prayer from when you go over until you bounce off the rocks. We chose to go upriver.

We went for a very sedate and delightful paddle until the twilight filled with bats and moonglow. Then we made camp on a slim, convenient island. I hauled the canoe up the beach a bit and then just walked away.

"Aren't you going to tie it?" she asked.

"This is The River," I answered. "It hasn't a tide this far from the sea. Why should I tie my canoe?"

"Aren't you going to haul it farther up the beach?" she asked.

"We are 90 miles away from the sea," I replied. "There is no tide. And the last sea serpent spotted in Hadley died of remorse from bolting a kayak 30 years ago."

"I wasn't even born then," she objected. "How was I to know?"

We built a small fire of sticks and toasted some granola.

"What do sea serpents look like?" she inquired. Of course, I had to tell her. That took most of the evening. Then the moon started to set and we climbed into our sleeping bags and held hands until the sun demanded attention.

When I returned from stumbling about in the bushes she was staring at the shore. I followed her gaze and, sure enough, there was nothing there to look at. The little canoe had snuck off during the night. The river had risen nearly three feet and had just begun to recede.

"Another sea serpent," I ventured. "You can see where he's dragged his tail up the shore."

"That's the mark of the keel," she said. "You don't fool me one bit." That's the trouble with women, they're so pragmatic. "They opened the flood gates up at the dam," she continued. "They do that when they expect a heavy rain."

"That wasn't fair," I accused her. "You had local knowledge and purposely withheld it."

"It is fun fooling strangers," she agreed.

"I'm not strange at all," I averred. "Not after I've had my coffee."

We rolled up our sleeping bags and toasted some more granola. We kept our eyes on each other in hope of rescue.

"We could just swim to shore," she suggested. "It's only a hundred yards. Let's take off our clothes and hold them above our heads."

"But the fish," I exclaimed. "We don't want to be responsible for shocking the poor little fish. What would their mothers say? Wouldn't you rather languish here for 30 years hoping for some wandering bark to take us home to England?"

"I don't know about you," she said, "but I have to get home today to feed my cat." She actually commenced removing her clothes. Fortunately a calamity was averted.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "Canoes!" The Boy Scouts were out earning their merit badges for search and rescue. After they left us at the landing, we sought my canoe. I whistled and called. I even made paddling noises.

"It's probably over the dam by now," she sighed. "There won't be much of it left."

"The little canoe isn't fond of dams," I declared. "She's probably just taking a nap in those bushes." And so she was.

The sea serpent, of course, got clean away, but you could see where he'd dragged his tail up the shore...

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“...catboats in the life of the city of Newport”

Catboat Association historian Judith Navas Lund completed a labor of love, editing and augmenting the collection of raw data and photographs assembled by legendary catboat specialist John M. Leavens and bringing it to fruition in this handsomely jacketed hardcover volume.

Leavens was a co-founder of the Catboat Association (1962) whose lifelong passion was inspired by his sailing initiation in a Barnegat Bay Sneakbox on the New Jersey shore. He had an insatiable thirst for catboat knowledge, once described by Doris M. Johnson, then editor of the *Catboat Association Bulletin*, as an “omnivorous interest in anything related to catboats and their development over the past century.” He wrote many articles for the *Bulletin* and edited *The Catboat Book* (1973, International Marine), but he died before he could wrestle his Newport material into print.

Leavens credited many sources, including interviews he made in the 1960s of waterfront intelligentsia who recalled the catboat fleet which peaked about 1905 at 100-125 vessels. New construction stalled around 1920. Within the working fleet sail was abandoned, the rigs removed, and hulls converted to power while the racing fleet gave way to one-designs. Two important contributors were Jamestown photographer Wilfred E. “Bill” Warren (1915-1991) and Newport photographer Edward Wanton Smith, Sr. (1875-1940).

Lund has done justice to Leavens’ unfinished “manuscript” and shown respect for his collection. Anyone attending her slide presentation of the book’s heritage photographs (as at the 44th Annual Meeting of the CBA) will be rewarded. Her modesty belies the work she has invested in this book. A mere 182 pages in total, the materials are grouped into five broad categories concerning different catboat models and their significance in everyday life from 1879 through 1905, their so-called golden age in Newport, and their decline, including a discussion of the elusive Newport Point Boat, the racing and fishing fleets, the men who built them, and where their shops were located. This is followed by a list of 230 catboats in a 70-page appendix, a two-page bibliography, and an excellent 13-page index. Commendably there are 92 illustrations, including 83 compelling black and white photographs, 28 in the appendix alone.

The book’s 8.5” x 10.25” format accommodates the photographs, some full page in dimension, and the designed open pages provide the irreverent room to jot down cross references or interesting facts gleaned from scrutiny of the images with a magnifying glass. The unevenness in depth of materials presented from boat to boat reflects the tantalizing nature of small craft research in general. Repetition of some data aids the reader in sorting the myriad names of owners, builders, and boats. Photograph cutlines could be lengthier, elaborating on the richness of the architecture and city life.

It is not easy to recreate the venue today of the “forest of masts” along the harbor. Urban renewal projects altered the shoreline landscape, adapted for other commercial interests in the 1960s. A map of the current configuration helps the reader trying to put the catboat milieu in context with Newport’s hip modern waterfront scene, but it would be more effective had both maps, 1885 and con-



Book Review

The Catboat Era in Newport Rhode Island

By John M. Leavens (1907-1987)

Edited by Judith Navas Lund 2005

Tilbury House, Publishers

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Reviewed by Sharon Brown

temporary, been presented side-by-side in the same scale and alignment. In the end these minor points are easily overlooked considering the rewards upon turning each page. This is a book that will be opened frequently, savored as a reference, and its pages interleaved with bookmarks and notes.

Situated at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, the protected Newport harbor was a natural Mecca of marine activity, including commerce, transportation, and recreation reflected in the variety of the fleets of wooden sailboats and ships which plied the local waters and enjoyed the sheltered anchorages. “Newport was a cosmopolitan city from colonial times and an international port,” wrote Leavens, adding, “The anchored yachts, the Fall River liners, and the four-oared gigs coming in to the New York Yacht Club landing at Station Number 6 were the center of attention. The catboats were but background in the broad, running, colorful panoply of the harbor. Yet there was something about catboats that appealed to people, for they were the workboat, water taxi, and pleasure boat of the masses, all rolled into one.”

It might sound like a simple task then to concentrate on the “humble” catboats from 1879 through 1920. But what is a catboat, who were the builders, where were the boat shops, and where were they documented? Simple questions, each with pitfalls for the naive. Footnotes in the Introduction give the Catboat Association definition of a catboat, “a boat traditionally fitted with a gaff-rigged sail set on a single mast well up forward in the ‘eyes’ of the boat” (seeming to omit those with spritsails). Catboats discussed here are those regularly sailed, built, or licensed and registered at Newport, including some cats originating from ports as far away as the Connecticut towns of Mystic and Noank, Stonington and Bath, Maine, and Osterville, Massachusetts.

Information about the builders is sketchy. Few records remain of an industry of individual small shops where plans were unusual, and builders half models or molds and a few measurements the norm. Realistically they were producing a product

not expected to last given the nature of wood and hard years of use. No records are available for any builders in Newport in the 1850s or 1860s and the Herreshoffs of Bristol were the only builders in all of Narragansett Bay building catboats before 1870.

Or, at least, that’s the story from available sources with two exceptions, the 27’6” waterboat Collector Pratt reportedly built in Newport in 1852 and the 17’6” Peggoty, used as a ferry, builder unknown, but thought to have been built about the same time. Official records favor the years from 1870 to 1896, larger working vessels of 25’+ LOA and a minimum carrying capacity of five tons, thus excluding small vessels or “two-thirds of the catboat iceberg.” A fire 85 years ago destroyed pertinent U.S. Department of Commerce Ship License records from 1865-1917.

Washington Square was the center of town and the hub of boat building was the nearby cove bordered by Marsh and Washington Streets and Long Wharf with The Point on the tip and City Wharf on one side. The cove was at the heart of transportation, adjacent to the steamship piers, those of the Fall River Line and New York. The railroad cut the cove in two in 1846 and in time its shores silted in, the breach in Long Wharf was filled, and the causeway was closed. Today no obvious trace of the cove remains. All that is left of this bustling center of waterfront commerce, fishing and boat building are the photographs, accounts in brittle old newspapers, and the memories of those who shared their stories.

Wilfred E. Warren recalled the “picking” of boat building stock in the cove’s bottom muck and James Timothy “J.T.” O’Connell (1889-1974) remembered learning to row on its waters when he was a boy of five. William B. Groff and J.T.’s father, T.B. O’Connell, each operated small boat liveries from these waters in the late 1880s, offering rowboats and catboats to their clients. J.T. O’Connell came to own a fleet of fishing catboats working Block Island waters from Long Wharf, 1906 through the 1930s, coinciding with the developing fleet of catboats used for lobstering by Greek fishermen. O’Connell opened a chandlery in 1909 and his finances became intertwined with the successes and failures of the fisheries, advancing credit, and accepting boats in payment of debts.

In the late 1800s Greek fishermen began emigrating to Newport. They profited by their industry, each boat setting 200 traps and hauling 75 per day, working nine months a year, and grew in numbers, their fleet of lobster catboats tied up outside J.T.’s Ship Chandlery on Long Wharf in 1915-20. Greek immigrants George Mathinos and Tom Giones built catboats in their shops on the cove, the Greek fleet holding out longer than others until the decline of lobstering.

By the 1938 hurricane, little of the original catboat fleet, replaced by small power launches, existed and none under working sail. (Dr. C.J. Tsamasfyros of Westminster, Colorado, is restoring a 12’8” x 6’2” catboat presently on the island of Skiathos, Greece, which he believes was built either in Fall River or Newport ca. 1885-1900 by George Mathinos who built the catboats *Alaska* and *Poisedon*.)

The photographer E.W. Smith, Sr., of Washington Street at the core of the catboat activity, owned a 17’ catboat *Kingfisher II*, built in 1895 on Long Wharf by John W. and

W.H. Barker (or possibly Thomas Stoddard, 1894). This sturdy hull became a photographic platform from which he shot the harbor in the late 1890s through the early 1900s. His enthusiasm for the waterfront scene was contagious and both his sons, Edward Jr. and William became amateur photographers.

Edward Jr. made available information on the Smith family catboats and provided photographs of them from his father's glass plate negatives, some of which are at Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut (Edward Wanton Smith, Sr. Photograph Collection Accession No. 1969.822.1-.208; 1981.159.1-.59). Both Kingfisher II (Accession No. 1975.5) and the camera made by Rochester Optical Co. (Accession. No. 1976.233) and used by Edward Sr. to take the glass plate negatives were also donated.

Among Smith's plates is a stunning one of *Clara*, Captain Nathaniel Herreshoff's

28'6" x 10' cat yawl built in Bristol 1887, sailing under cat rig alone. The photograph in Leavens' book shows her under the yawl configuration. (She is back on exhibit at the Herreshoff Museum after having undergone a significant restoration by Taylor & Snediker Fine Woodworking of Pawcatuck, Connecticut.)

Another Newport catboat in Mystic Seaport's collection is the fish and lobster boat named *Button Swan* (Accession No. 1949.145), named after her builder of the same name, known formally as William Henry Munroe. She is a small, 12'3" x 5', open-cockpit shallow keel catboat with wide washdeck built by Button Swan ca. 1880 in his Long Wharf shop.

These small boats played a significant role in the everyday culture of Newport, as they once did on waterfronts all over New England. Only recreational catboats cross

those harbors today and the wharves they once tied up to are gone, with working fishing fleets on the decline everywhere. Thanks to the tenacity of Leavens, who assembled the collection, Lund, who did such a stellar job of editing, and the Catboat Association for saving it and publishing the book, each page is an adventure in maritime history, a peek into the past of a small city still thriving on boats of a much different nature. Captain Brian Hill, skipper of the catboat *Breck Marshall*, put it this way, "As we sail through our lives, this book is good for one catboat a day."

I urge you to support those who steward important collections and suggest you purchase a copy of this book for your library and birthday gifts. It is available from The Catboat Association, P.O. Box 72, Middleboro, MA 02346, and also online at www.catboats.org.

"Somewhere in the Heartland a farmer is growing corn..." If you watch commercial-free TV, you may have seen the commercial for Archer Daniels Midland (ADM), the agribiz giant that got into trouble with the Feds a few years ago for price fixing. Probably the farmer doesn't wake up in the morning intent on sabotaging your old boat engine, but I'm not so sure about ADM. They'd like to become the next Exxon Mobil by promoting increased acceptance for fuels that are refined from agricultural products. These obviously do work in automobiles, but for many boaters they spell nothing but trouble.

ADM and others have developed processes whereby an ethyl alcohol fuel, called ethanol, is refined from corn, soybeans, sugarcane, or even saw grass. Some see it as an additive to make gasoline burn cleaner and our ordinary pump gas now contains about 10 percent (E-10). In Brazil they've made big news by refining their excess sugarcane and designing vehicles to run on fuel that is only 15% petroleum (E-85). Some experts claim that it takes more energy to refine a gallon of ethanol than burning that gallon will produce. Others insist that the technology is in its infant stages and that it holds the key to a "fossil-free" America, giving the middle finger to the oil cartels and living happily ever after.

Other people find this mixing of agri-politics and petro-policies disturbing. First and foremost, they insist that agriculture must feed the rapidly increasing world population and that it makes no sense to run our cars on food while people are hungry somewhere. They see the nitrogen that big agriculture pours on the fields as a danger to our rivers and oceans where it eventually reaches. It's obviously a big issue with lots of votes and dollars hanging in the balance. It's also obvious that gasoline for boaters is just a thin slice of the whole energy pie and that what we think really doesn't matter. Knowing that we aren't going to influence policy, all that's left is the defensive mode.

Boaters everywhere are finding that engines that ran well for years on pure petroleum now have difficulties with the E-10 that is currently available. Things will only get worse if we go to E-20 or higher someday. Modern automobile engines are primarily fuel injected and the computer adjusts for combustion of less than perfect fuel. Boaters with modern fuel-injected marine engines, too, are finding that they have fewer prob-

More on Ethanol Fuel for Boating

By Boyd Mefferd
(Reprinted from *Fore & Aft*
ASBS-SNE Newsletter)

lems with E-10 than those with carburetors.

Automobiles use a closed fuel system with less chance for the invasion of moisture. Boats usually have an open system that is vented overboard and has no way to keep the moist night air from reaching the gasoline tank. Boaters who keep their tank pretty well topped off seem to be happier campers because with less air volume in the tank there is less condensation. People who want to foil those kids on the lake who like to fill up their boats for free in the middle of the night find that the real night-time threat is the moisture that fills their nearly empty tank.

Boaters who are fortunate enough to have time to use their boats a lot have fewer problems because their E-10 gas is burned before moisture has a chance to build up. Those who use their boats infrequently find that, because ethanol and water mix, what reaches the carburetor is no longer just 10 percent flammable ethanol but that ethanol has absorbed condensed water which, you've known from about age four, will not burn.

Filters are wonderful things and even the simple glass bowls found on vintage engines were effective at removing moisture that settled to the bottom of the old 100 percent petroleum. Modern water separator filters work even better at removing water from pure petroleum, but they are not totally effective with the E-10 gasoline.

Boaters have a hard time understanding that what seems like a relatively minor change in the composition of the fuel could have such substantial consequences. A surveyor friend tells of an insurance claim filed by a paranoid owner who was certain that some unknown enemy had sabotaged his boat. He was told that he did indeed have unknown enemies, but they were in Washington, D.C. and the problems they caused were not covered by insurance.

One marine mechanic I know had a complaint partway through the season and he told his customer that the fuel was to blame. The customer said that was a lot of malarkey. He'd just paid plenty, he felt, to have his boat tuned up and expected it to run right... a "get

your a-- over here" kind of conversation. My friend asked how much fuel was in the tank and learned it was about a quarter full. "I'll be over first thing tomorrow morning," he replied. In the meantime he took six gas cans to the local special fuels dealer and bought 30 gallons of the Sunoco leaded 110-octane racing gasoline which does not contain any ethanol. Its use is limited by law to off-road applications and its \$7 or so per gallon cost limits its casual consumption.

The next morning, without touching or adjusting anything on the engine, my friend fueled the boat, told the owner to hop in, and they sputtered away from the dock. Twenty minutes later they roared back. The motor, which would not idle below 1,500rpm and wouldn't take throttle, now was steady at 500rpm and the boat leaped out of the water when the throttle was nailed. The owner had to admit that maybe it did have something to do with the gas.

As if a bad running engine isn't trouble enough, owners of vintage fiberglass boats with built-in fiberglass tanks, or anyone else with an older fiberglass tank for that matter, find that the ethanol dissolves the resin. Long before the tank completely fails the fuel filter has become completely clogged with strands of glass fiber that have come loose. Even some rubber O-rings and other parts in carburetors, not to mention fuel pump diaphragms, don't last too long with a good (?) dose of ethanol.

So what is a person supposed to do? We've had pretty good results mixing the E-10 gas 50-50 with the racing fuel, and if you're having trouble that is a good place to start trying to find a cure. As I mentioned earlier, keep your tank topped off and, if you need an excuse for going boating, say you must burn the fuel up before it goes bad. Keep a spare filter element in the boat and be prepared to change it on the water, if necessary, being very careful to not spill gas in the bilge.

In modern society we're encouraged to take charge, barge ahead, and be the masters of our fate. If you have a victim mentality, the chances are better that you will become a victim. But if you are a boater trying to run an older engine on ethanol gas, your victimhood is pretty well assured. The ACBS is a fine organization but hardly qualifies as a "voting bloc" to change fuels policy. If we were to hire some sleazy lobbyist in Washington, Archer Daniels Midland would have a better one. Probably the money would be better spent on towing insurance.

Day 1

Having thoroughly vetted *Spat*, a 31' Bolger Topaz I built from his plans two years earlier, on local waters, I knew by summer 2003 that a major, long distance test was in order. As is my custom, I thoroughly reviewed the options and carefully planned the trip to Burlington, Vermont, via the Hudson and Champlain Canal/River/Lake. My loving wife was prevailed upon to bring the kids to meet me in Burlington for the trip back. All that remained was to find someone silly enough to agree to accompany me on the trip north. My thoughts turned immediately to my friend Fud, also known as Faithful Fud for his willingness to consider and accompany me on my many hare-brained schemes. As I expected, he agreed.

On a beautiful August morning we departed Delaware, destination Keyport, New Jersey, where I had arranged with the Olsen Boatworld to launch *Spat* and store my vehicle for the week at a charge of \$50. *Spat* is a large boat but tows well. However, when we arrived in the small town of Keyport and its narrow, winding streets, we found that the going was difficult. We eventually located the marina. The ramp was quite steep and led to a containment area that would make it difficult to launch *Spat*. However, I was game. The tide was out.

Unfortunately, Mr. Olsen was not present and his assistant, Mr. Cratchett, did not believe I would be able to launch successfully, telling me I would get stuck and that we would be days dragging it out. While I harbored similar reservations myself, I did not let on for fear of undermining Fud's resolve, always shaky at best.

The argument did not go well, Cratchett was unrelenting. Nervously I noticed Fud scanning the nearby side streets, obviously looking for a tavern. If he got in a tavern the trip was over. In desperation I asked Cratchett where the nearest alternative launch facility might be and he condescendingly suggested South Amboy, some 20 miles to the north. With resignation, I informed Fud that we were going to South Amboy, his resolution to make this trip seemed to be waning.

As we headed out of town Fud said, "Why not launch there," pointing to an apparently spacious ramp to our right. I pulled in and a brief inquiry revealed that this municipal ramp was far more suitable than Olsen's and I could store my van for no charge. We launched promptly. After the boat was in the water and we were preparing to embark, a local came over to admire *Spat* and upon being informed of our itinerary, warned

Spat Part II

By Sam Glasscock

us to avoid the Verrazano Narrows because "they call it Hell's Gate, you, know." Recognizing that this man knew nothing of geography, I ignored him and off we went.

As we headed out across Raritan Bay with Keyport receding behind us, it was a hot, beautiful August afternoon. All was well with the world. Fud, however, seemed on edge. He observed that if we changed course to the northwest we could enter the Raritan River and gain access to the Hudson without running the narrows. He also observed that we might run close to Staten Island's southern shore, another suggestion I disregarded without further thought.

As I steered towards the shipping channel, Fud kept mumbling something about the "Arthur Kill" which I also ignored. However, as Rockaway Beach and then Coney Island came into distant view, I realized that the seas were building. Three foot seas had become five, the good news was that *Spat* was handling them well, but I realized that my attention was increasingly being demanded in fighting them.

Fud, who had become ominously silent, suddenly asked what my contingency plan was. Irritated that he would try to break my concentration fighting the growing seas, I asked what his problem was and he said look to the west. I did and saw the sky was an alarming green/yellow that threatened to engulf us with a thunderstorm that would make our current problems seem benign. Ever quick with a plan I responded, "we'll simply hunker down."

The next 30 minutes were tense and quiet. Fortunately the storm did not overtake us and the seas grew no worse and we were successful in making it under the Narrows Bridge and into the lower harbor. Being out of the open ocean was a relief but the navigation not much easier, the waters in this area being rougher than a cob. Moreover, as we entered New York Harbor itself, the traffic with all of the ferries, water taxis, and commercial vessels increased substantially and required constant vigilance, leaving little time for sightseeing. Even under these circumstances, approaching the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island from the sea remains an awe inspiring sight.

As we approached lower Manhattan water traffic increased, although the weather was improving, the storms receding. Lower

Manhattan and the Battery have a beauty seen from the water quite different than the landlocked view. Manhattan is truly a town surrounded by water, a fact not always evident to the landlocked New Yorker.

As we cleared the Battery, the cruise up the Hudson began. The west side of Manhattan, seen from the water, is largely a story of what once was, the piers and associated businesses. However, Manhattan from the water glides by quickly with a majesty and grace quite at odds with what's encountered on its crowded streets. It seemed only a few minutes before we passed beneath the George Washington Bridge and approached the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, marking the official end of Manhattan Island. A cruise up the Hudson is worthwhile, if for no other reason than to see the magnificent bridges that span it from the George Washington in the south to the Castleton on Hudson south of Albany.

Now we were truly cruising. *Spat* had acquitted herself well on the dangerous waters of the open ocean and the cob-like New York Harbor. Now she was where she was meant to be. As we approached the Tappan Zee Bridge evening was approaching and we stopped at the Tarrytown Marina for gas, to learn that we had burned surprisingly little. We decided to continue north to see Sing Sing before dark and find a suitable place to anchor.

Sing Sing was not what we expected. Looking for something resembling Alcatraz rising from the mighty Hudson, instead we saw a multitude of low buildings scattered up the hillside overlooking the river. Fresh razor wire surrounding everything demonstrated that we were indeed looking at one of America's most notorious prisons, but set as it was on the hillside with the sun's evening rays slanting upon it, it looked peaceful, almost bucolic.

Heading north from Sing Sing we rounded Croton Point as the sun was setting and found a perfect cove to anchor for the night on the north side. A swim, dinner of Vienna Sausage and wine ended the evening perfectly.

Day 2

Thursday morning was beautiful, albeit hazy. We could never decide whether the Hudson was a morning or an evening river, it was probably both. Although visibility was diminished by the haze, the weather was otherwise ideal for cruising. Our objective for the day was the Troy Lock.

Now completely out of the Tappan Zee, we headed north past Verplanck and then Peekskill on the east, with Dunderberg Mountain on the left as the river turned to the west and deepened significantly. Now ahead of us was the Bear Mountain Bridge and the never to be forgotten Anthony's Nose. As we neared the bridge on the east side of the river, the depth finder measured an astounding 112'. The rock rose sheer from the river. Amidst these natural beauties I ignored Fud's mutterings which seemed to be about "need to stop," "No. 2," "breakfast," and the like. It was too nice a morning and, more importantly, West Point was approaching.

One cannot view that most "absolutely American" institution, the United States Military Academy, from the water without mixed feelings of awe, pride, and reverence. This is where our nascent nation stretched a chain across the Hudson to stop the British, it is where most of our nation's great military leaders have been trained. However, cruising



north on the Hudson on a hot summer morning, it is a beautiful and unlikely rampart.

As we passed we observed the incongruous sight of a seemingly endless freight train passing through (and apparently beneath) West Point on its way north to Newburgh. We followed. Fud continued muttering "No. 2 please." I saw nothing in Newburgh, however, to warrant stopping and proceeded north under the Newburgh/Beacon Bridge. North past Hamburg and Poughkeepsie, the heat of midday was now bearing down on us, causing Fud's groaning to increase (or so I thought).

Finally Fud explained the problem. Because of his recent knee operation he could not sit on the tiny head with which the *Spat* was equipped and thus was in dire need of a regular bathroom. We stopped at the Hyde Park Marina but it turned out to be deserted and locked. Therefore, north we went past Crum Elbow and Roosevelt country. As Kingston and Rondout Creek came into sight, I decided it was time to stop so that Fud could use the facilities and I could check out the maritime and trolley museums for which Kingston is so renowned.

Fud gorged on a Mexican lunch, apparently to get the plumbing back in working order, and we negotiated the notorious flats north of Kingston. The weather improved as we continued north, passing Catskill and then Hudson. The river by now was noticeably narrower and shallower. We stayed in the channel past Cossackie Island and stopped at the Coeymans Landing Marina for gas and ice. We were told they were out of commission temporarily, having just lost power, so we continued north, little knowing that we had just encountered the great black-out of '03 at its inception. As we continued north we were unaware of anything out of the ordinary. The river continued to narrow approaching and passing through Albany with its gigantic state office buildings dominating the skyline.

By this time it was late afternoon and we were as yet unaware of any problem and decided to continue on to Troy, where we could get gas and decide how much further to proceed. We reached Troy in early evening and docked at the City Dock and were told for the first time of the wide-ranging power outage. The dock master explained that they had regained electricity and could pump gas. While I was doing that, Fud went for ice and returned, informing me that he had been lucky enough to get four bags of "used ice" at a reduced price. Having never encountered used ice before, I examined our purchase and found it two-thirds melted as a result of the outage. However, as Fud noted, "Better than nothing."

The dock master told us our best bet was to proceed through the Federal Lock at Troy and cut over to Waterford, where we could dock at the Municipal Dock for free if there was room. The Federal Lock turned out to be an adventure. We approached it cautiously and I attempted to raise the lock master by radio, without response. We were not certain whether the lock was even operating. We were 20' below the top of the lock but could see several people walking around there but our attempts to hail them were in vain.

This location is awesome. The Mohawk River pounds into the Hudson from the west, leaving no doubt as to the raw power of nature. However, we were shunted off to the base of the lock, holding on for dear life, hop-

ing against hope that the lock was functional. Eventually Fud hopefully pointed out that there were antennae visible about the top of the lock, they perhaps being on boats waiting to be lowered to our level. Continued radio calls to the lock master went unanswered. Fud noted that abstinence is a virtue for only so long in the context of our used ice and broke out a Heineken. Eventually we heard rumblings from within the lock and the antennae disappeared from view, raising our hopes.

Although we could still get no response by radio from the Federal lock masters, we could now see people moving around on the top of the lock and water began to bubble up visibly at the bottom, causing some obvious apprehension to Fud who seemed to think we might be inundated as we clung to the lock wall. Within moments, we heard the sound for which we had waited, the creaking of the lock doors as they began to open, causing Fud's apprehension to escalate.

I knew he had nothing to worry about until two Canadian power cruisers decided they needed to exit the lock at full throttle, near causing us to swamp. Fortunately we survived that discourtesy and within minutes were entering our first lock of the voyage. The water slowly raised us, and when we exited the sight of the confluence of the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers was before us and the power of the joining rivers and the falls, tamed in such a small way by the lock, was much as it must have been when the first explorers gazed upon it.

We motored upriver a short distance and then followed the markers left to Waterford and the beginning of the Erie Canal. Waterford is a mariner's dream town. Situated at the eastern end of the Erie Canal it provides a clean, well-lighted free Municipal Dock with all facilities. (We had been quoted \$2.50 per foot in Troy at a facility with far fewer amenities.) Fortunately we were able to grab one of the few remaining slots and tied off for the evening and learned that it was only a two block walk to downtown and food and drink.

After cleaning up, we walked those two blocks and found the village pub to be a welcome neighborhood tavern/restaurant that was doing a capacity business on a Thursday evening. We found a spot at the bar, got a cold beer, and learned for the first time the true magnitude of the power outage, which fortunately was not affecting Waterford.

While Fud chatted up the attractive barmaid, I used the pay phone to call Jan to confirm that we were on schedule for her to meet us in Burlington on Saturday, I having previously made the train reservations. Being handy with a computer, I had taken care of this a week before we left. Jan would catch the Amtrak train from Wilmington early Saturday morning and be in Burlington early that afternoon with the kids. Unfortunately, the call produced the information from Jan that I had made the reservations for the wrong day. Jan was going to attempt to get reservations for the right day. I hung up, a bit abashed by my error, but dug into a great meal which far eclipsed the previous evening's Vienna sausage, and Fud and I walked contentedly back to *Spat* after a pleasant and relaxing several hours.

One cannot visit Waterford without wondering how the town does it. The dock was spacious, clean, modern, with all facilities, and free. Moreover, it was staffed by pleasant volunteers. Since the dock is right at

the entrance to the Erie Canal, we were tempted to head west rather than north and explore the Finger Lakes but that will have to await another expedition.

Day 3

At first light the following morning we were up, using the facilities and making coffee. We left the dock and headed back to the Hudson, intending to reach the beginning of the Champlain Canal at 7am which we pretty much did. It was a beautiful, clear summer morning without the haze of the prior two days. When we got to Lock 1 we were met by a pleasant and immediate response to our radio call and were cleared right into Lock 1. The lock master informed us that there were power outages in other areas but that as far as he knew, the canal was open and functioning. We were locked through promptly and as we emerged upriver we could observe the end of the lower Hudson and the beginning of the upper and more narrow waterway.

If you have never locked, it is a boating experience. Although these modern locks undoubtedly are aided by computers and other modern technology, we were basically being transported by 18th century technology, technology that had opened our country and permitted the economic development that created our prosperity. As one waits immediately outside the lock gates, there is a slight feeling of apprehension, not knowing what might rush out when the doors open. Actually, there is nothing but flat water and we enter.

Then the objective is to station ourselves at a spot on the lock wall, holding on to cables or ropes to maintain a stationary position. The doors then creak shut and we are trapped in the lock. Then there is a faint, hard to pinpoint noise and suddenly we realize water is boiling up from below. Slowly, at first almost imperceptibly, we realize we are rising. Steadily, one foot, five feet, eventually 15 feet and we can begin to see the top of the lock and the water beyond. The gates creak open and we are freed, 15 feet higher than before. A marvel of simple time-tested technology.

The cost to use the canal is a modest \$15, which is good for three days. Fud and I could not understand how the system could be self-sustaining and eventually concluded that it was not. However, it was certainly well run, particularly when compared to the Federal lock. The lock masters on the Champlain Canal were uniformly responsive, informative, and polite. The facilities were well maintained and esthetically pleasing, most being tastefully landscaped.

Our only problem, at least with the system, was at Lock 2, south of Mechanicville. The power outage had had an effect there and the lock master informed us upon our approach that it was operating very slowly. In fact, we had to wait below the lock for more than an hour as southbound traffic was locked down and through. Likewise, once we entered the lock it was a long wait while we were locked up. We eventually got through and proceeded north.

After this, the canal settled into a pleasant routine, the day being a perfect, hot, bright August morning. As we proceeded north through Locks 3 and 4 and past Stillwater, the country became less populated and the canal/river more narrow. As we approached Ft. Edward and Lock 7, I pointed out to Fud that the Hudson came in from the west and that we would be continuing

north, now in the Champlain Canal proper. Looking every bit his namesake, Fud appeared befuddled and explained that he thought the Hudson River flowed straight south from Lake Champlain. I corrected his lack of geographic fundamentals and also explained that from here on we would be locking down, rather than locking up since we were in a different watershed, this now being part of the St. Lawrence River Valley Watershed. In a way, we felt as if we had reached the top of the world and were now coming back down.

After Lock 2 the only problem we encountered (unfortunately many times) was our fellow boaters. *Spat* continued to plod along at a stately 10 to 12 knots but our fellow mariners, driving high powered mega-vessels, seemed intent on racing from lock to lock and inevitably would accelerate away, leaving us bouncing in their wake. As irritating as this became, there was some ironic satisfaction when we would slowly arrive at the next lock, to find our powerful brethren sitting and waiting as the lock master kept the lock open for us, closing immediately behind us.

We were now in the very narrow wilderness of the Champlain Canal itself with only occasional signs of civilization as we motored north. Eventually, late on Friday afternoon, we reached the end of the canal at Whitehall and docked at the Lock 12 Marina, just outside the last lock. Fud was dying to eat, it having been another Vienna sausage day, and I wanted to call Jan to ensure that she would be on the train the next morning. Because of our odor, we chose to sit outside at the restaurant, despite the heat and humidity.

Unfortunately, when I reached Jan she informed me that because of the power outage no train reservations could be made. I instructed her, therefore, to leave tonight and drive, with the kids, in the pickup and meet us in Burlington whenever she got there. Ever dutiful, she agreed. Her version of this trip will appear in a future edition.

After a delicious dinner we headed north in the few hours of daylight remaining. The scenery was dramatically different, we now being in the mountains with Vermont to starboard and New York to port. Our more powerful fellow travelers were now free to leave us in their wake and did so and we had the river to ourselves. In this stretch the river had marsh grass, unlike that found in the

Mid-Atlantic states, this appearing to be almost like wild rice.

Around 7:30 we rounded a bend and saw the first boat we had seen since leaving Whitehall, it being stationary and nosed into the marsh grass. As we approached we realized that there were several men standing on the bow with bows and arrows, apparently seeking piscine prey. One of our regrets was that we did not stop and learn the details of what these guys were doing.

We wanted to find a place to anchor before it became dark, however, and continued on without inquiring. We passed through the narrows of Dresden and found Red Rock Bay to our right, a scenic, still piece of water shadowed by the high red rocks and guarded by a jungle of waterlilies. We found a path through the lilies and were able to anchor. After anchoring, we dove into the tea brown water that had no bottom. The serenity was complete.

As the sun sank behind the western hills we knew this magic place required alcohol and cracked a bottle of wine. As the wine went down, the philosophical musings went up, the stars clear and close above us. As darkness settled fully about us we repaired to the cabin to read before lights out and I lit my foolproof bug candle.

Somehow this lured a very angry dragonfly which lodged itself in Fud's pillow and he seemed incapable of dislodging it. When he finally removed it, I thought we had achieved peace in the cabin but quickly realized that we had been invaded by gnats, which were everywhere. The lights went out and the bug candle doused and magically the gnats were gone and we fell asleep in as peaceful a location as could be imagined.

We were astonished, therefore, to be run over by a freight train around 3am. Actually, the train was thundering south from Burlington on the west side of the river at least a quarter mile away but in the stillness and enclosure of the bay, it seemed to be on top of us.

Day 4

Saturday morning dawned still and hot and the temptation was to stay in the serenity of Red Rock Bay, but Fud was mumbling about the need for No. 2. The Champlain River, halfway between the end of the canal and the lake, is a land from another era. Where there were towns and buildings, many of them were from the 18th century and by

mid-morning, Ft. Ticonderoga came into view. Approaching it from the south by water, we could not help but feel that we saw what the British saw in 1777. We wanted to stop but knew we had to get to Burlington before Jan so we pushed on, I vowing to visit on the return trip. (See Part III).

The way points now began to click off with regularity, being Kerby Point, Watch Point, Fivemile Point, Yellowhouse Point, and then Plumies Point, at which point Crown Point, the site of the Revolutionary Fort and its opposite shore counterpart, Chimney Point, came into view. As we swung under the Crown Point Bridge and turned north, the lake opened before us. The waters of Lake Champlain grew wider and deeper and the land on both shores more rolling. Fud now retired to the cabin, moaning again about "No. 2." The scenery actually became more mundane as we continued up the lake.

As we proceeded north in the lake proper and passed between Split Rock Point and Thompson Point, the lake widened out and the depth finder was consistently unreadable, indicating that the depth was too great to record on our instrument. The charts, however, revealed depths consistently much greater than 300'. The winds began to increase significantly from the northwest as we continued up the lake and a galaxy of multicolored sails appeared on the horizon which, as they approached, we realized represented a fairly large sailing competition proceeding south, taking advantage of the increasing winds.

Those winds began to affect our progress as we came within a few miles of Burlington. I turned the wheel over to Fud, hoping I might relax prior to arrival in Burlington and reunion with my family, but unfortunately the seas continued to grow and Fud's apparent oblivion to various rock formations caused me increasing concern, forcing me to retake the wheel after 20 minutes or so.

Burlington and the hill overlooking it came into view and it was clear enough to see the opposite, western shore of New York, almost up to Plattsburgh. Unfortunately, by now the lake was a cob. I contacted the Municipal Dock and was relieved to learn that space was available. We entered the protected anchorage area and had little trouble docking. We quickly learned that our neighbors were the very ones that had repeatedly attempted to swamp us in the canal and we were tempted to join their afternoon party to discuss that but prudently decided not to.

I inquired whether they had the capacity to evacuate our Portapotty and was told that they did not. However, when I described the size, they told me I could carry it inside and dispose of it myself. To my horror, I found myself carrying the loaded slop jar through a crowded restaurant and disposing of the slops in the restroom of that facility. I cringed at the possibility that a patron might catch me in the act, but fortunately that did not occur.

We buttoned up the boat and repaired to the hotel room I had reserved to await Jan. The room had a spectacular view across the lake to the Western Shore. Eventually, Jan and the kids arrived, Fud jumped in our truck and headed back to Delaware, and we prepared for the remainder of the journey, but unfortunately nothing could prepare one for the Night of the Blackfly. (See Part III).

(Fud's Expedition, "The Wrong River Trip," will be the subject of a future article.)



In 1963, when I was 11, my grandparents bought a summer house on Red Brook Harbor on the eastern shore of Buzzards Bay. I learned to sail in the Herreshoff 12½ that my grandfather ("Grandie") moored a short row or swim offshore. We also had many nautical adventures in Grandie's 22' Lyman runabout, going through the treacherous currents of Woods Hole to eat at the Clam Shack in Falmouth Harbor, or cruising the Cape Cod Canal to visit Grandie's friend Arthur Keay in Plymouth. My siblings and I also learned to row, fish, snorkel, and water ski at Red Brook. So I had many sentimental reasons for returning.

The visit would be much less obtrusive by water than by land. The new owners of my grandparents' house might be alarmed to have a strange car come rumbling down the dirt driveway. But to have a small sailboat take a leisurely cruise back and forth just offshore could hardly be offensive, and by Massachusetts law we would not be trespassers unless we got out and walked on the beach.

So we decided to make an aquatic sojourn to visit our former summer home. In the 1990s we stayed in my mother's rented Holiday House, which was four nautical miles north of Red Brook Harbor. On some summer mornings on Buzzards Bay the wind is from north then, as the sun heats the land, the breeze shifts strongly to the southwest. On one such morning, my eight-year-old son Josh and I ghosted out of Rocky Point with a gentle puff astern of us and made a quiet, rippling run towards the tip of Wing's Neck. Josh took the tiller as I sat in the Super Snark's bow and listened.

Lighthouses in the Haze

"Steer right for the lighthouse on Wing's Neck and keep an eye out for motorboats," I said and leaned back against the mast.

"You already told me that," Josh said with some annoyance.

"Sorry," I said. It was important to me that Josh be comfortable on the water. I had packed a lunch I knew he would enjoy, and if wind and tide cooperated there would be other delights at Red Brook Harbor.

After a short doze I sat up to see that we were more than halfway to Wing's Neck. The northwest side of the Neck was scalloped with several little coves that provided good shelter from the prevailing southwesterers. As we made westward progress we could see that what we thought was the tip of the Neck was, in fact, the westward edge of one of the coves and the real tip of the Neck was a few hundred yards in the haze further west (or was it?).

This happened at least three times until we laid eyes on the little white lighthouse with the traffic light for Cape Cod Canal shipping that unmistakably marked the tip of the Neck.

"Congratulations, Josh, you have brought us safely all the way to Wing's Neck," I said.

"Thanks," he said and I could tell he meant it. Once west of the Neck we could see the hazy profile of Cleveland Light, the floating lighthouse about a mile to the south. I pointed it out to Josh. "Looks like a ship, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," he said. I told Josh how we used to sail out around it and wave to the tenders that staffed it for two weeks at a time, in good weather and bad.

"Can we go to the Whistle Stop tonight?" Josh asked. Apparently the

Snark Bytes:

Return to Red Brook Harbor

By Rob Gogan

prospect of getting ice cream was more exciting than a floating lighthouse.

I remembered that I had a fresh \$20 bill at home. "I guess so. But then we can't stop at Monument Beach on the way back for anything."

"OK," he said.

"Do you want to trade places?"

"Sure," he said and he started humming "Loch Lomond," one of the songs he and his class had sung at an assembly in school that year.

All boats heading between Phinney's and Red Brook Harbors have to round Wing's Neck. The original approach to the Cape Cod Canal passed immediately off the Neck and the depth there is at least 30' at low water. This means that even the biggest boats can pass quite close to the shore with impunity. So we had to be on the lookout for motorboats that could come zooming from either direction at any time. Fortunately the Snark could pass even closer to the shore than any other boat, especially when on a run with the daggerboard up. Still, it was scary when large boats suddenly approached out of nowhere at high speed.

Once past the tip of the Neck I could see the familiar south shore of the Neck as well as Scraggy Neck, the next peninsula down the bay, and the nearly deserted north side of Bassett's Island.

Grandie Rescues a Herreshoff

As we passed the Wing's Neck light I told Josh about a rescue Grandie had made here in his Lyman, the *Impulse*. Having grown up the son of a Downeast Maine boat pilot, he was pretty savvy about most aspects of seamanship. He loved going out in choppy weather, making the spray jump to the sky at the crest of every southwester-whipped wave. Jill and I used to love the roller coaster ride, egging Grandie to go even faster, until the *Impulse*'s powerful motor thrust the craft airborne over a trough and we'd hit the next wave with such a crunching impact that Grandie feared for the hull and trimmed the throttle. On such days he'd snap on the green canvas Bimini to keep us a little drier.

One day we saw a Herreshoff 12½ sailboat with a man and woman on board stuck in irons, drifting steadily towards the Neck. With every wave it went a little closer to the lee shore. In these seas the Herreshoff, with its deep rudder and substantial keel, would be severely damaged or lost against the riprap boulders of the Neck. Grandie pulled up to shouting distance and asked the young man at the tiller if he needed help. The man explained that he had lost the connection between his tiller and rudder and therefore couldn't steer. He was in the process of dropping his sails.

He gladly accepted Grandie's offer for a tow. As Grandie secured a towline, my sister Jill and I watched, well aware of the danger. Grandie tossed the Herreshoff a stout line cleated to our stern. Unfortunately, the sailor dropped it and the line got tangled in the *Impulse*'s propeller. The man dove in to clear it and as the man swam towards the stern,

Grandie shut off the engine so that he could untangle the rope.

Now we started to drift, too, pitching and yawing we rode the chop without control. I started feeling quite seasick. The man came up for air and said the line was still fouled on the prop, then promptly went back down for another try. With the motion of the choppy seas my queasiness increased with every wave. I felt disgusted with myself, being useless in this time of crisis. I apologized to Grandie and went below. He didn't seem to mind but he was quite distracted.

I peeked out the companionway to see Jill helping Grandie recoil the tow line. Watching my younger sister help so effectively exacerbated my feelings of worthlessness, but the motion sickness left me incapable of getting up to help. Besides that, I didn't want to be far from the head in case I needed it, as I felt sure I would at any second.

Soon I heard the engine start up, the man must have freed the towline. I felt the boat turn directly into the waves and saw the boulders on the south side of Wing's behind the wooden mast of the Herreshoff. Shortly after we started making headway, my stomach settled and I came up. I apologized again to Grandie and he made light of my incapacity. It turned out fine, he said. We towed the Herreshoff back to the dock at the Buzzards Yacht Club.

Josh was impressed with this story. "Did they pay your grandfather anything?" he asked.

"No, and he didn't expect to get paid. Everybody on the water looks out for everybody else."

"So if we got in trouble someone would help us out?"

"Yes."

"Then why do we have to wear these life jackets?" asked Josh, complaining that they were uncomfortably hot.

"Well, we might not get helped in time. Or we might get conked on the head and be unable to keep our heads out of the water." That seemed to satisfy him. I think the fact that Frann and I wore PFDs all the time made it less unpalatable to him. I remember as a child feeling stigmatized when wearing them and similarly proud to be free of them once I could swim well.

We Enter Red Brook Harbor

We took the north channel in towards Red Brook. It went past the Buzzard's moorings and a little sheltered anchorage often used by transient yachts taking a break before heading through the Canal. We also passed Barlow's Landing beach where Josh and Zach had taken swimming lessons. We had to tack through a narrow channel, Josh with his hand on the daggerboard to prevent dragging on the sandbar.

Then we rounded the last point and Red Brook Harbor opened up its glorious, fully sheltered expanse. The "10" nun buoy was straight ahead with the De Normandie's compound just beyond. They still had their big Victorian house way up on the bluff with their gray-shingled boathouse and beautiful dock out front. On the opposite shore Kingman Marine and Parker's Boat Yard had expanded to an incredible extent over the past ten years. At least 200 yachts bobbed at the slips and moorings, twice as many as before. They filled nearly all the Harbor's open space outside the channel. A few were underway for an outing but most slept at their

moorings. A couple of them had wind charging generators with spinning vanes twirling gently in the light breeze.

My grandparents' house looked smaller than I remembered it, but still sat proudly on a hill overlooking the water. It was at least four feet higher than its neighbor, originally a modest Cape very close to the beach that had been expanded, dramatically over the past few years. The owners were new to the water. We had made an indelibly favorable impression on them when our old Bullseye, *The Virginia*, crept up and passed their boat on the homeward leg of the first Bassett's Island race.

As we approached we had the wind directly behind us so we could sail on a beam reach to both port and starboard in front of the house. I steered us in comfortably close to the shore, looking out for the two big rocks that were submerged except for dead low tide. A previous owner had drilled holes in the tops of these rocks to accommodate flag poles to warn mariners of the rocks. They were indeed a hazard, as they sat in 4'-6' of water. Grandie had maintained the galvanized pipe with red rags on top, but they were gone now.

Perhaps they were a hazard of their own, especially after rust had fused them firmly to the granite and the rags rotted off. I wouldn't want to run into the submerged tip of one of those poles in a small motorboat at high speed. The rocks were prominently marked on the NOAA chart of Buzzards Bay so a prudent navigator couldn't claim that there wasn't fair warning.

I was glad to have the wind abeam so that I could scan the house and property without losing the wind. It would have been embarrassing to get in irons in front of the new owners. We had a good view of the front of the house. Most waterfront owners keep the shore side of their property free of hedges and other obstructions in order to enjoy their view. This means that boaters can see the houses as well. On the street side of their property, owners screen their homes for privacy. I smugly reflected that our shallow draft Snark could get closer than any big yacht. In this case the cheapest seats offered the best view.

Surviving the Hurricanes

The pink granite seawall was still intact, although one section looked as if it had been worked on recently. Hurricane Bob must have hammered it hard with its 9' storm surge in 1991. The trees were all tall and densely green. My mother and sister had driven by the front of the house during the off season and they said the weeping willow still towered over the front of the house.

I took a proprietary interest in this tree because I had advised my grandparents to plant a weeping willow there 30 years earlier. I thought of the bright day we planted it whenever we used my grandmother's blue willow-patterned china.

Not far from the willow was the cedar shingled garage in a low spot on the property. On its side was a bronze plaque about a foot from the roof marking high water in the hurricane of September 1938. By my estimate the water would have been just below the level of the house. They say the storm surge in '38 completely submerged Bassett's Island and flooded Main Street in the town of Buzzards Bay with 10' of salt water.

We made four or five tacks back and forth in shallow water in front of the house,

seeing as much as we could. I told Josh about the tree and the '38 hurricane plaque. I wondered if anyone in the house might have been worried that we would hit either of the two big rocks. The tide was too high for them to bother our little craft. Besides, I probably knew where the rocks were as well or better than the new occupants.

The Tuna Feast in the Cove

We had seen our fill, so we moved on to our final destination, a tidal creek that ended in a little cove completely surrounded by spartina grass and reeds with tall oaks beyond. When Jill and I learned to row, this was a favorite destination. If the tidal flow was right, we could enter the creek and be swept along through the serpentine channel swiftly and silently through the tall grasses that grew along its banks. As we drifted along we would often see schools of little pollywog-shaped fish I later learned were menhaden scooting into the cove with the tide to feed.

The cove was exactly as I remembered it. We pulled out the Snark's rigging and took out our paddles to negotiate the creek. Over the years storms or erosion had straightened the channel, lopping off some of the serpentine fun. Josh still enjoyed it, though, and I think he especially liked being the one to decide which side of the creek we should travel to avoid rocks. Though we saw no menhaden, there were still lots of little fish in the creek, skittering out of the way as our hull loomed over them. Soon the creek widened into a cove about 100 yards across.

We decided to put down the paddles and eat the lunch we had packed as we drifted around. The cove felt totally different from the creek. Whereas the creek had a clean, pebbly bottom with clear running water, the cove had still water and little wind because of the surrounding hills and trees. The bottom was thick with silt, like the bottom of the ocean in the photos taken from Woods Hole's Alvin research submarine. If we touched any of the muck with a paddle, it bloomed into black, turbid clouds that lingered for several minutes. There was little life here, only some empty soft shell clamshells half buried in mud. We spotted a large horseshoe crab skittering along over the smooth bottom. An occasional little fish browsed by pecking at something on the bottom.

When we were halfway done with our tuna fish sandwiches, a school of minnows came along. I decided to toss a little piece of sandwich in their direction and see if they were interested. The tidbit floated for a few seconds, became waterlogged, and then began to sink. Soon one of the fish swam over and took a desultory peck at it. It liked what it tasted and made several lunging rips into it, spreading a little cloud of bread and tuna particles through the water. This caught the attention of a couple of other fish which also started eating.

Suddenly the whole school swam over in frenzy, swarming around, eating every morsel until the water was totally clear. I suggested that Josh toss in a little piece of his sandwich. We spent several minutes watching the hungry fish getting what they seemed to feel was an ultra-special treat. If we threw in only bread, they would peck once and immediately lose interest, spitting out any of it they might have taken. But the tiniest morsel of tuna was gobbled up by the fastest fish to get to it. If there were tuna in the bread the fish would eat that, too.

After lunch it was time to get going as we were a long way from home. The afternoon southwester was not kicking in as much as usual, no whitecaps, no halyards slapping against aluminum masts of moored sailboats. Glancing at my trusty Timex watch I saw that it was still four hours until dinnertime. I dared to take this watch on our sailing trips because it could take a dunking in salt water, not an unlikely event in a boat with 4" of freeboard.

The Eel Versus the Cormorant

After we had the sail up again we made decent progress pointing up the harbor towards Bassett's. I decided to take the south channel past Hospital Cove and Scraggy Neck. At the mouth of the channel, near the De Normandie's point, we saw a cormorant surface with lots of splashing. The bird had its beak open wide, trying to swallow an adult eel. The eel had its yellow-green torso wrapped around the cormorant's neck. The eel's head was already 3" into the bird's throat, making it bulge. The cormorant vigorously lunged its head forward but made little progress in swallowing as the eel had a firm hold on the bird's neck and shoulders.

The bird dove again. I wondered how the cormorant had been able to breathe. I remembered having seen photographs of trained Chinese cormorants sent out to catch fish for their human masters. The birds were fitted with metal rings around their necks to prevent them from swallowing the fish they caught. They came back with necks engorged with fish and patiently waited for the fisherman to slide the ring up their necks and spew out an amazing number of fish.

As the cormorant dove, Josh and I speculated as to whether the bird would swallow the eel. I said no, Josh said yes. We knew the cormorant would come up for air if it could, so we kept watching the area. Suddenly the bird came up, swallowing the last bit of the tail, its entire throat swollen. Josh had won the bet! Soon it regained its composure and made a long take-off run with webbed feet churning the water loudly until it was up to flight speed. The splashing quieted abruptly when the cormorant cleared the water with its wing flaps. It was probably headed for a long siesta on a dry rock with its wings outstretched. I had read that these birds need to air out because their feathers lack the oil found in other waterfowl.

Bassett's' south channel goes past a quiet, shallow, wooded cove, then passes Hospital Point, site of an old rambling shingled structure weathered to gray in the steady salt winds. The hospital had been built in the 1800s for tuberculosis patients whose primary therapy was breathing fresh air. The building had been abandoned for decades in my youth but now was refurbished into condominiums. Hospital Cove itself was packed with Herreshoff 12½s and Doughdishes, (nickname for "Duodici," 12 in Italian) their lower maintenance fiberglass descendants, as well as Bullseyes.

To starboard, some nasty rocks lay just outside the channel by the can "7" buoy. I described for Josh being startled by the sudden appearance of their barely submerged barnacled whiteness three feet off my hull one day when I tried to squeeze too much out of a tack and sailed past the edge of the channel in my father's Bullseye. The incoming tide had already submerged the rocks at this point, so Josh would have to take my word for it.

Beaching at Bassett's

Across from Hospital Cove lay the unoccupied section of Bassett's Island. This was about a mile long barrier beach with sandy beaches on the harbor side and small, grass-covered dunes. I had slept overnight at this anchorage with the Cataumet Club's summer camp. We took a fleet of Beetle Cats sailing around Scraggy Neck from Squeteague Harbor and I, as a swimming teenager, was allowed to sleep aboard with a friend.

I told Josh of the privations of the shore-bound, like sharing shallow latrines, dodging clouds of mosquitoes and no-see-ums, and sidestepping thickets of poison ivy. I'd heard of an earlier visitor to Bassett's who had uprooted piles of the ivy with carefully gloved hands to clear the overgrown path across the island. He should have quit with that, but for some reason he decided to burn the piles. Because the smoke contained the irritating oil, his entire respiratory tract became inflamed and swollen. He had to spend a few days in the hospital.

We decided to take a short stroll on the beach, keeping a sharp eye out for poison ivy. Josh had never gotten a rash so we weren't sure he was allergic, but we took care anyway. Bassett's is the destination of many boaters who picnic on its shores. This side of Bassett's was the sheltered side so it was the better side on which to beach. The approach is shallow, no more than waist deep out to 100' at low tide. Motorboats and most sailboats had to anchor a long and mucky walk in to the beach, an unpleasant prospect when toting coolers, umbrellas, and other gear. In the Snark we could paddle right up to the shore.

We got out and pulled her half out of the water and set our small anchor on a short line, burying it in the sand both to hold her if the tide floated her sooner than we expected and to prevent distracted beach strollers from stubbing their toes on our ground tackle.

The picnicking power boaters were mostly quiet and friendly. I wondered where all the soda and juice-drinking kids and their beer and water-swigging parents were going to relieve themselves out here. With no out-houses on Bassett's, they probably were going to go in the water as they swam. I was glad we had brought along a sealable laundry detergent jug should the need arise for Josh or me. I felt glad to know that we weren't going to be worsened the eutrophication of the harbor.

Josh and I walked down to the southern tip of the island. We saw a couple of men in waders casting for young "snapper" bluefish, with fly fishing gear. I knew from former visits that this was a likely spot for them in a rising tide. But my luck with shore-bound fishing was poor. From the Snark or the kayak I had caught many a tasty bluefish because I could follow the diving terns and gulls and turbulent waters to where the hungry fish were. These fishermen weren't having any luck but they were chuckling about something as they made their casts. A glance at my watch revealed that it was 3pm, time to head back. We stopped only to try out a few skipping stones that were just too perfect to pass by. Josh got a five-skipper, a new record for him.

Becalmed of the Neck

We shoved off again, finding the going slow against the incoming current. We gave the fishermen wide berth as we rounded the point. Once clear of the channel, I asked Josh to take the tiller and we gingerly switched

positions. I settled in for a siesta. Josh sang to himself softly with rhythmic rap pops and buzzes, leaning back against the transom, making steady progress in the light breeze. He seemed to enjoy himself most on the water when there was no stress or urgency, pretty much just bobbing along.

I don't think he would like any part of racing, especially not as crew to me. In a race I can't help barking out orders when there's something to be done to enhance my boat's progress or the safety of its passengers. Today there was no rush or hazard, though. The worst that could happen was that we'd be late for dinner and worry the others, but on a calm day like this they wouldn't worry too much, I hoped.

Josh skipped us out to the Wings Neck light. He didn't need to tack at all, which was very unusual. The afternoon southwester was not kicking in steadily and it was acting a little fluky. The swells were coming in from the accustomed direction, but the wind was still from the northwest or even the north. By the time we got to the tip of Wing's Neck the wind was so fitful we made very little progress. Taking the tiller, I vainly pursued every ripple in search of some wind.

I told Josh about a time I was racing in a Beetle Cat in such conditions. In those days, we thought exposure to the sun was healthy so we were shirtless and without sunscreen whenever it was warm enough. In the long stretches between tacks, with the sail hanging limp, we leaned against the oak coaming. When we got back home, we noticed that the sun had burned horizontal stripes onto our backs, edged perfectly straight by the masking effect of the coaming. How times had changed. Today Frann wouldn't let us out of the house without sunscreen, shirt, hat, and sunglasses for our sons and myself.

I decided to paddle as it was fast approaching 6:00. To pass the time Josh started singing "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" and I joined in. By the time we reached the tenth bottle I wondered aloud how long it would take to sing the whole song. Josh was curious, too, so I started the timer on my watch and we began again. The duration of the song at a moderate pace was 14 minutes.

The air was now totally calm. I decided to drop the sail and just paddle straight for Rocky Point. I didn't relish the prospect of a two-mile paddle, but neither did I want to be out on the water after dark without a light. Facing north, I had a magnificent view of the northern shore of Buzzards Bay. The Bourne Bridge over the Canal was bright silver against the darkening blue sky. Onset Harbor spread out to the northwest. The large houses atop the bluff on the south side of Mashpee stood proudly over their seawalls, rebuilt since withstanding Hurricane Bob in 1991.

To the northeast a long plume of smoke streaked southward. It must have been from the Sandwich Power Plant at the east end of the Canal six miles away. Due north there was a fainter but longer plume which I knew from my experience in the solid waste and recycling industry to be the SEMASS trash incinerator in Rochester. Unfortunately, this

plume would make an excellent landmark. Though the air at sea level was completely calm, the smoke plumes showed that the upper atmosphere wind was still steadily from the north. Tomorrow the wind would probably be from the same direction.

Nowadays the big wind turbine at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy on the north side of the Canal makes an even better landmark. Not only does it turn to face the wind, showing the wind's direction, it also shows how fast it is blowing by the speed of the vanes' rotation.

As we floated off the Neck the only sailboats we could see on the water were being pushed along by auxiliary motors. The only motorboat was a Boston Whaler going full throttle without the least bit of pitching or bouncing, most uncharacteristic for a Whaler as there wasn't a ripple of chop. Paddling was getting tiring. Josh offered to relieve me but I said I was OK. I apologized for not having any more food for him, but told him that dinner would be ready for us as soon as we got home. The sky was noticeably pink to the west and darkening.

Frann Rescues the Snark

Straight ahead I saw a small boat coming. As it approached it occurred to me that it looked a lot like our rowboat and that its pilot was wearing a turquoise PFD, just like Frann's. In fact, it was Frann in our boat, calmly and confidently kicking along.

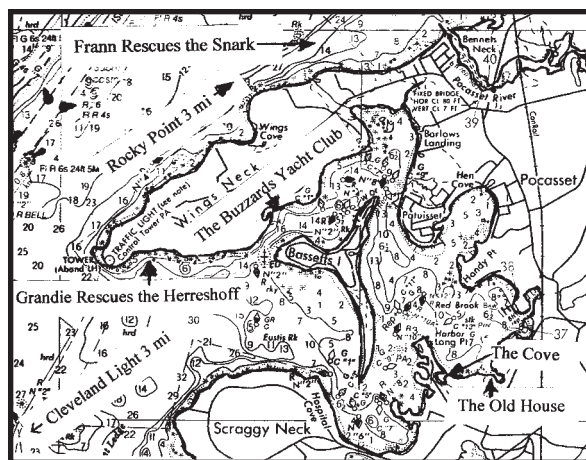
"Ahoy, matey! Can you give us a tow?" I called out.

"Sure can." I hitched a towline and told Frann how proud I was that she had come out for us on her own.

"Well, I didn't want you to miss out on the Whistle Stop." This was excellent news to Josh. When she powered up the little Minnkota and the line went tight, we glided along at a speed that seemed supersonic after our plodding paddling pace. Back on the beach I gave Frann a big hug and again complimented her seamanship. "If not for you, we would have been out way after dark," I said.

"I know, that's why I went out." Thank goodness I had fully charged the battery and put it on the boat that morning. Without it, Frann would not have had her solo expedition to rescue us, Josh would have missed getting ice cream, and my paddling muscles would have gotten awfully sore.

I will always treasure my memories of Red Brook Harbor so long ago. I will never again see my grandparents, stay in their house, or eat off the blue willow china. But my family and I are collecting new memories in fresh harbors of our own.



"Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and methodically knocking people's hats off, then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball." (Ishmael, in *Moby Dick*)

We last left our heroes, Jeff and me, on their return from the 13-state epic journey in the spring of '06 on their two-wheeled chariots. It is now the fall and in the continuous search for adventure and knowledge, Jeff bid on and won a day on the *Pentagoet*, the training tugboat of Maine Maritime Academy, based in Castine, Maine. Jeff called me on a Tuesday and asked, "What are you doing on Thursday?"

I immediately and eagerly responded, "For lunch?"

"No, for the whole day. That's the day they can take us on the *Pentagoet*!"

I hesitated... "I'm in!" I checked my calendar after the fact and canceled everything, and even concocted a credible prevarication that I had to go to Castine to see some real estate. The bank I work for is always happy if I am going to look at real estate.

Maine Maritime Academy was established in 1941 to train young men for the merchant marine. Since then women have been added, as have a multitude of courses that are closely related to running a ship. While there is a large student body, the real spirit of the place rests with the regiment, a group of gung ho seapersons run on a military basis with touches of the fraternity system. There is hazing, but by the mid-point of freshman year the participants' lives become somewhat normal. I have observed in my years of banking and contact with commerce of all sorts in eastern Maine that a Maine Maritime grad can be relied upon to be competent, resourceful, and enthusiastic in any project in which he or she is involved.

The school itself is located in the town of Castine, a picturesque, out of the way village at the mouth of the Bagaduce River in eastern Penobscot Bay. The *State of Maine*, an ocean going training ship, is on lease from the federal government and makes an international training cruise every summer. In addition there is a fleet of racing sailboats of many classes, the tug, a barge, and other flot-sam and jetsam. For a young person interested in the sea, it is the ideal institution.



The *Pentagoet* is a 76' long tugboat, 24.5' beam, powered by twin 16 cylinder Detroit diesels turning two 59.25"x61.5" propellers in Kort nozzles. Fuel capacity is 12,000 gallons. The tug has an articulated crane (not used), a capstan, a towing winch,

Down to the Sea in Ships

By Lew Payne

and an anchor windlass. The rating of the tug was a bollard pull of 17 tons. Topsides include a bridge deck and captain's cabin, while at deck level a galley and companion-way to the crews quarters forward and below, and access to the engine room.



The training barge is 230' long, 43' wide, with a capacity of 21,000bbls. and is covered in seagull shit from time to time.

Jeff said we were to be dockside at 6am, so I set my alarm for 4am, got to his house at about 5:30am, had a quick cup of coffee, and arrived on time. We were greeted by Captain John Worth and were introduced to Engineer Harry Stevens. There were seven cadets in training. This day was referred to as a lab, and was the eighth lab session of 28 over the course of study. The work for the day would be making and breaking tows, basically bringing the tug to the barge, making fast to the tug, picking up the tow, towing, and then dropping the tow. Over the course of the day each student took the helm for two dry runs and two actual make and break maneuvers. The captain oversaw activity on the bridge and the engineer manned the work deck, coaching everyone involved. The cadets were responsible for running the ship including the bridge and the galley.

The only instructions we received were to wear life vests when on the work deck and to watch out for the machinery. While losing a cadet would be disastrous, losing an accountant or a banker could rattle international financial markets.

The first order of business was to get the tug underway and out to the barge. That was done in short order. We tied up to the barge and attached the tow cable to the towing harness which was basically two cables attached to a very large shackle. Once that was accomplished we breakfasted on muffins, egg and bacon sandwiches, and coffee. As dawn broke it looked like it would be a clear calm day, which it turned out to be.



After breakfast we did a dry run of what we would be doing all day. The tug approached the barge at a 45 degree angle for the purpose of tying up to the first cleat. The idea was to handle the tug so it just kissed the side of the barge, allowing the crew on deck on the port side to throw a line over the cleat and make the boat fast. That accomplished, the boat was then untied and backed off to come around and start the tow.

Once started the tow would then be broken by slowing the tug and letting the cable go slack. The tug would then tie up to the barge and the cable would be hauled in using the capstan. The really impressive part of the process was the incredible weights and forces at play, both in the size of the barge and the power of the tug. This was not a situation where you could simply use human muscle to overcome a situation if things got out of hand. That is how fatal accidents occur.

Captain Worth talked about the tug and training. The tug is a good trainer as it has many of the characteristics found on other tugs. He did say that he would love to have a tractor tug, built around Kort nozzles, that could move the tug 360 degrees standing still. He said that the trainees who took to the tractor tugs fastest never had any maritime training, the systems were so sophisticated that video gaming was the best preparation for handling the tractor tugs.



After the dry runs we towed the barge out of the harbor and into the open ocean. It was pretty well protected as we towed back and forth between North Haven and the mouth of the Penobscot. After getting half the tows done, we broke for lunch. The cook produced a barbecue grill and hot dogs and hamburgers followed soon after. With all that time in the open air and glorious fall sun, there were some big appetites.

It was fun listening to the talk of the cadets. Rather than talking about drinking, the Red Sox, and women, they talked about several different kinds of navigation, several brands of preferred sextants, what the major transportation companies were, and what their job prospects were. They were all seniors and this course was an elective. The biggest concern was whether or not they



could negotiate payment of their signing bonuses before spring break.

Jeff and I went below to tour the engine room. It was museum perfect. There was not a spec of dirt or oil anywhere. We could see the shafts of the engine turning the screws as the cadets made their adjustments.

The captain was trying to get the cadets to think up towing songs like "Tow, tow, tow, your barge, gently down the stream" or "They say that breaking tow is hard to do, now I know, I know that it's true, don't say that this is the end, instead of breaking tow I wish that we were making tow again." I had my own to offer, Tom Rush's "I got the urge for towing."

The last maneuver of the day was docking the barge on a pier in Stockton Harbor. It was set up as two caissons on either side of a hookup for an oil pipeline. The hard part was that the tug would be coming into the dock at an angle with current pulling one way, tide another, and the breeze another. The tug was not towing but was lashed to the barge and pushing from one side. Once again the forces at work were impressive and human muscle would not be of any help if things went awry. The approach was very slow and cautious and there was a team approach to helping the cadet on the bridge come into the dock without incident.

Once the barge was secure, the tow line had to be manhandled into the hold of the barge. All of the cadets got to work and made short work of it, but it was hard work pulling the thick cable over the side of the tug and passing it below in the barge.



That done, we headed back to Castine. When we got back we had to wait for some boats to get out of our way, but docked successfully. What a great day! As I wrote my brother with the three boys, he ought to be sure these kids get a look at Maine Maritime. I wish I had. After the obligatory post voyage cigar, we headed home.



So, What IS a Sailboat Good For?

By Dan Rogers

The other day I parked my 16' keel/cabin sailboat out in front of the local adult school woodshop. Oh yeah, the boat was on its trailer, in the parking lot. Her name is *Lady Bug*. The ladies think she's cute. Since we can't all be graceful, it's a good thing some of us can be cute. And, since this was just going to be a "quick modification," I got busy finding a promising piece of UV stabilized polyethylene scrap from my you-never-can-tell pile. The scrap was supposed to become a mounting jaw for the boat's mast while riding on the trailer. Shouldn't be such a big deal (SBSABD). All I had to do was make a few marks, rough cut, trial fit, finish cut, sand, and bolt it on. Yep, SBSABD.

So, you've done those SBSABD jobs, too? Well, this piece of 1" thick plastic was supposed to carry the mast while lying across the bow pulpit. Only real problem was the oblique angle that I was insisting upon. The ellipse-shaped mast had to not only sit in this jaw device patiently while waiting for the next sailing opportunity, it had to slide fore and aft, not bounce out, and be able to twist athwartships about 20°. And this piece was expected to bolt onto the side of a flaring bow rail that also leaned outward from the base. Pretty standard, until you try to visualize all the compound angles while standing on one foot on the trailer tongue, looking up into the sun.

It was only going to take me a minute to cut this piece, so I thought I would just prop the chunk of plastic up on another piece of scrap while transverse cutting the rough groove on the band saw. Well, everything you've heard about shortcuts is true. Partway into this impossible cut I jammed up the saw and had an industrial grade bandsaw blade stopped, jumping the wheels, and piling up at my feet faster than I could say, well, "oh my goodness!"

So there I was. No fewer than 50 trips in and out of the shop later, little white "plastic dust" flakes around the band saw, the table saw, spindle sander, several floor-mounted sanding machines, two drill presses, and several hand tools to boot. And, since this was only going to take a minute, I was still trying to reach up and fit it from my perch on the trailer tongue. One of the guys who works at the shop came by and watched me for a while. "Nice boat. Going fishing?"

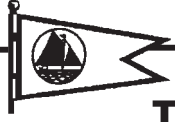
"No, this is a sailboat. It doesn't work too well to fish from a sailboat," I offered, still trying to make the plastic piece fit under the patient mast.

"So, what DO you do with a sailboat? Just ride around in circles?"

I have to admit he kinda had me there. Suddenly I was at a loss. How do you explain what a sailboat is good for to somebody who doesn't know what it's good for? Hey, everybody knows what a sailboat is good for, don't they? Except for those who don't, that is.

Then, just to finish me off, he asked me what the ladder slung along the other side of the trailer was for.

"Oh that? Well, I keep it there so I can get up on the deck." But I only use it for the big jobs. You know, ones that will take more than "a minute."



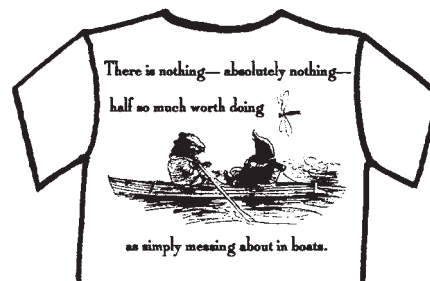
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The International Scene

The ever-busy Panama Canal, heavily overbooked when undergoing maintenance, auctions off one slot each day. Bids have averaged \$105-110,000, this on top of the normal transit fee.

If the International Maritime Organization decides that ships must use low sulphur oil, experts warned this would force a shift to gas turbines. These are less efficient than diesel engines and thus have increased emissions.

Diving on old shipwrecks can bring grief or joy. Three Britons go on trial for illegally salvaging more the £320,000 worth of gold and diamonds from the *Glen Logan*, a British ship torpedoed in 1916 in Italian waters. They and others had bought a license to dive on the Italian ship *Pollux* some 460 miles away.

In the Persian Gulf, Iranian archeologists want to raise the remains of a Partho-Sassanid dynasties (248BC-651AD) ship but the remains, 70 metres deep, will require sophisticated saturation diving, a technique where divers can remain below surface for weeks at a time.

Off Spain, archeologists prepared to explore the remains of a first century Roman vessel. The 400-tonne ship, much larger than usual for the times, is only 25 metres deep and one mile off a beach.

At one time seven tankers carrying 210,000 tonnes of petroleum products waited at Dar es Salaam port because meters installed to curb tax evasion could only handle 500 tonnes an hour. Retail prices for gasoline may go up because of demurrage (waiting) charges.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

The freighter *Royal Color* ran down the Italian fishing boat *Francesco Kentjitano* off Tunisia, killing five fishermen.

Eight Chinese seafarers were rescued after a fire broke out in the cargo hold of the Cambodian-flagged cargo ship *Sakurakawa* south of Tokyo.

The giant semi submersible heavy lift ship *Mighty Servant 3* unexpectedly sank off the Angolan port of Luanda just after unloading the drilling rig *Aleutian Key*. No injuries.

A 21-metre high (about 70') rogue wave hit the 10,200 ton freighter *Westwood Ponom* off the U.S. West Coast and broke bridge glass and wiped out electronics. Another rogue wave killed two and injured one on the tanker *FR8 Venture* shortly after it left Pentland Firth in Orkney. They were securing anchors for sea.

The 16-metre South African tug *Hawk* went missing while en route From Richards Bay to Cape Town.

A fire on the container ship *Petra Express* killed one and seriously injured three in the Red Sea.

Gray Fleets

Taiwan must increase its submarine warfare capabilities to keep the Chinese Navy from surrounding it and so Taiwan plans to acquire eight submarines from the U.S. These would augment the 11 warships (including two nuclear attack submarines) it plans on adding to its fleet.

India wants to add 31 warships to its fleet by 2012 and asked Russian and European yards for bids for building seven stealth frigates because indigenous shipyards cannot deliver warships quickly enough. India will take the battle to American, Russian, and French shores by engaging in extensive war games with their navies. To do so will require

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

unprecedented multiple deployments of Indian warships and support vessels.

In the Persian Gulf, *HMCS Ottawa* rescued 18 Indian sailors from their sinking dhow.

Royal Navy ships have seized many tons of cocaine. In the Caribbean the supply ship *RFA Wave Ruler* alone has grabbed 11 tons in three seizures.

Russia has scrapped 145 out of 197 decommissioned nuclear submarines and all decommissioned nuclear subs will be scrapped by 2010. The U.S., Britain, Canada, Japan, Italy, and Norway have provided substantial assistance to the \$2 billion program.

Off west Australia certification of a submarine rescue craft did not go as planned when one of two cables broke. The unit was lowered to the bottom at 130 metres while plans were made overnight. The next day it was raised to 15 metres and the two divers inside swam out and donned scuba tanks held by other divers.

Off Japan, the Japanese training submarine *Asashio* hit the Panamanian-flagged chemical tanker *Spring Auster* as the sub broke the surface. The collision was due to human error, the sub's sonar personnel had reported the approaching tanker but the sub's CO thought the sounds were from another ship moving away. After a second report, an unsuccessful emergency dive was attempted. The tanker's bilge and the vertical fin on the sub were damaged but nobody was hurt.

A Swedish firm is developing a stealth submarine for United Nations intelligence operations.

The Royal Navy continues to have problems. Badly needed Type 45 destroyers will enter service two-and-a-half years late and the Sea Dart missile systems on existing destroyers are of '60s vintage and inadequate for thwarting today's threats. The government is asking for massive cuts in the Navy's budget, perhaps halving the surface fleet, and the Navy's chief noted that cuts in quality may be needed in order to provide enough ships for assigned maritime interdiction and constabulary operations. The number of frigates and destroyers has dropped from 1996's 35 ships to 25 today and that figure was based on high intensity war fighting alone.

The U.S. Navy had problems, too. A Chinese Song-class diesel-powered attack submarine probably penetrated the defenses around a U.S. Navy aircraft carrier battle group because it was spotted on the surface five miles away. A few weeks later the probably embarrassed commander of the U.S. Navy's Pacific Fleet, a four-star admiral, made his first visit to China to meet senior military leaders.

On the Guam-based submarine tender *USS Frank Cable*, a steam line ruptured and six seriously burned sailors were evacuated to the Burn Care Center at Brooke Army Medical Center in Texas. One later died.

The U.S. Army operates a number of vessels. Its 2002-leased Incat 98 catamaran *Spearhead* (IFSV)(-1) may take up a civilian career next spring as a fast ferry between Norway and Denmark.

White Fleets

Passengers on the cruise ship *Norwegian Dawn* unexpectedly found themselves in Norfolk due to bad weather off the

Carolinas and they were stuck there for a day or more due to mechanical problems.

Problems with the Rolls Royce Mermaid pod propulsion on the *Millennium* forced cancellation of a seven-day cruise. The owning firm has had to cancel 14 cruises by *Millennium*-class vessels since 2001 due to pod problems, and this has had a \$0.41 to \$0.46 impact per share on earnings in the half-decade.

Norovirus appeared 30-plus times in 2006 on cruise ships that included the *Serenade of the Seas* (101 passengers/three crew), *Summit* (72/12), *Adventure of the Seas* (536/143), *Freedom of the Seas* (331/46), plus the *Island Princess* and *Constellation*. The *Liberty* arrived at Fort Lauderdale from a trans-Atlantic passage with about 18% of its passengers (more than 700 of 2,800) and 137 of its crew sick or getting over the disease. But a fair number of cruise passengers may never have bothered, or were too sick and confined to their staterooms, to report they were sick.

The size of cruise ships is driven by economies of scale. Fifteen years ago the average cruise liner carried 500-600 passengers. Today, a 1,000-passenger ship is small and some cruise ships carry up to 4,200 people. In 2008-2009, RCC's Genesis-class ships will carry up to 6,000 passengers. "Villages at sea," some call them.

The Malta-flagged cruise ship *Lyubov Orlova* went aground at Whaler's Bay, Deception Island, in the Antarctic and was pulled free by the Spanish oceanographic research vessel *La Palmas*, a large tug converted into an icebreaker with space for 22 scientists.

They That Go Back and Forth

There was good news. The Indonesian shuttle ferry *J.L. Lampung* caught fire in the Javanese port of Merak Port and all 135 passengers escaped safely although cargo and vehicles got burned out.

The Filipino ferry *Brian*, carrying 103 people, capsized in bad weather off Mindoro Island but there were no casualties.

There was bad news. Off the Spanish port of Algeciras, the ferry *Atlas* ran into the stern of the ferry *Avenir Dos*. Five passengers were injured and authorities are investigating why the accident happened.

In heavy rain the ferry *Express Sejahtera 16* ran into the *Express Kenangan 6* near Palau Payar, Malaysia. One boy died and 33 were injured.

Off Borneo a cargo boat carrying 60 capsized and 11 died.

A ferry capsized on the Kangsha River in Bangladesh and 16 died.

The capsizing and sinking of the small wooden ferry *Leonida II* off Mindanao in the Philippines probably killed 43. Among the dead was a local mayor.

Another mayor, this time Korean, died when the small fishing boat he was on was rolled over several times by waves and sank.

British Columbia Ferry Services, Inc. (more commonly known as BC Ferries) took the *Queen of Rupert* off the Queen Charlotte Islands service and no substitute ferry was supplied, much to dismay and disgust of islanders. The ship was damaged when a crab pot line became entangled in a stem tube housing a propeller shaft.

And logbooks of the same company's sunken *Queen of the North* mysteriously disappeared during or after the sinking. What happened on the bridge during the 14 min-

utes the ferry was off-course may never be known with certainty.

Legal Matters

Although the owners of the tanker *Anna PC* paid a \$3.2 million fine because it had spilled 600 tonnes of oil into the Suez Canal after running aground, they still face \$14.9 million in claims from the Egyptian environmental agency, fishery authorities, and local fishermen and tourist resorts.

The State of Washington fined a cruise company \$100,000 because its *Mercury* dumped more than 500,000 gallons of untreated wastewater into Puget Sound. The fine was the first and maximum fine for that particular crime.

The U.K. fined the French ro-ro ferry *Dieppe* £15,000 (about \$30,000) plus costs for leaving an oily slick. The ship had problems with its oily water separator for over two years but failed to use available alternatives.

U.S. tanker operator Overseas Shipholding Group set aside \$37 million to fund a hoped for settlement of environmental charges regarding alleged violations on its tanker *Uranus* (now *Overseas Uranus*), its aframax *Pacific Ruby*, and the *Cabo Hellas*. The *Pacific Ruby* allegations arose because the company had adopted a "self-reporting policy."

Land-based prosecutors are increasingly going after mariners. The master of the *Zim Mexico III* was jailed for neglect or misconduct by a ship's officer because his ship knocked over a crane at Mobile, killing an electrician working inside. The prosecution claimed that the master failed to consider a sometimes faulty bow thruster. Later the ship's owners pleaded guilty to criminal charges and were fined \$375,000 plus court costs of \$400.

The Japanese Coast Guard filed formal complaints against three shipmasters. One was against the master of the 98,587-ton *Giant Step* for professional negligence in the stranding his ship after it caught fire, resulting in the death of eight and endangering traffic. The other complaints alleged professional negligence by the masters of the 85,350-ton *Ellida Ace* and the 88,853-ton *Ocean Victory*, both of which went aground about 60 miles northeast of Tokyo on the same October day.

Georgia detained two Russian cargo vessels, citing one with violation in a restricted Black Sea zone and the other with polluting the environment.

Nature

Most ships carry their cargoes from one port to another but the crew of the New Zealand research vessel *Kaharoa* take great pride in dumping its cargo overboard as it travels. Each \$35,000 Argo robotic ocean profiler gathers profiles of water salinity and temperature by diving up to 2km into the depths and returning ten days later to dump its readings to a satellite. The information may be important in understanding global warming. Most "Argo floats" are deployed by merchant ships but the *Kaharoa* fills the gaps between shipping lanes.

The yacht *Maiken* motored into a sea of floating stones (which turned out to be pumice-like volcanic ash) and later its crew watched an island emerge from the sea near the island of Vava'u in Tonga. Everything was photographed and made available on the yacht's website. (Try Googling for it.)

Oilfield equipment is either awesomely big, incomprehensibly complicated, or fan-

tastically sensitive. For example, in the Gulf of Mexico during Hurricane Katrina, an anchor of a drifting semi-submersible drilling unit dragged across a deepwater (2,700') 18" pipeline. Damage was detected and repaired after the pipeline leaked only three gallons of oil (how many drops made it to the surface?).

Although others have predicted increased trans-arctic traffic because global warming has made measurable impacts on ice coverage and other conditions, this traffic may be minimal, said one expert. He stated that nobody has made hard economic studies of the costs.

Metal-Bashing

The Dutch firm Heerema Marine Contractors announced plans to build the world's largest floating crane. It will hoist more than the 14,200-ton capability of its *Thialf*, the present record holder, and it will also lay and bury pipe on the ocean floor. The new vessel will cost a cool \$1 billion U.S.

The saga of the *France/Norway/Lady Blue* continued as a French consortium tried to raise funds to save her and environmentalists persuaded India's Supreme Court to put an indefinite hold on scrapping the graceful old liner at Alang. The Court's next session is scheduled for March.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

In Nigeria, after a chance interception of a getaway boat carrying ten robbers and seven foreign hostages, a military patrol tried to rescue the workers who had been kidnapped from the offshore processing vessel *Mystras*. One hostage died and one was injured while two robbers were killed.

At Guayaquil, Ecuador, the crew of the Bahamas-flagged banana reefer *Celtic Sea* were told by armed gunmen to get off the ship or be shot. The same action was planned for three other Ecuadorian-manned ships also belonging to Transmabo, a firm owned by one of the two presidential candidates, a person with a reputation as a hard man.

Ten robbers armed with knives boarded a reefer in Ghana and overpowered a crew member. But he managed to raise an alarm and the robbers escaped in a small boat with their stolen items.

Ship attacks at the Brazilian port of Santos resumed after an almost seven-year pause, with 12 "invasions of vessels" between August and the end of October.

In the third quarter of 2006 there were 47 reported acts of piracy and armed robbery against ships, of which eight were attempted attacks.

The Chittagong Port Authority blasted an influential report that rated the Bangladesh port as the most dangerous in the world, stating that "bias" and "propaganda" were involved. The spokesman would not elaborate what was behind these words.

Nearly six years after Japan proposed an anti-piracy action plan in 2000, 14 nations, including landlocked Laos, met in Singapore and formed the world's first intergovernmental anti-piracy body. Unfortunately missing were key players Malaysia and Indonesia. It was unknown whether internal matters or the subject of extradition caused their absences. Or was it because the new organization will be based in Singapore?

Captain K. Shaukath was just looking for a good ship and found one at Singapore. When he got to inspect the *Kwang Min*, he realized it was the *Snow White* that had belonged to a business associate until it dis-

appeared in the Oman Sea a month or two earlier. Police raided the *Kwang Min* and found its crew had vanished.

German authorities accused the master of the excursion vessel *Adler Dania* of kidnapping three plain-clothed Polish customs officials, trapped when the master U-turned back to Germany to avoid being inspected by other Polish custom officials. Also accused, were two German employees of the shipping company who appear to have ordered the master to reverse course.

Odd Bits

Who mans the world's shipping? The Philippines has nearly one million workers overseas, of which 239,487 are seafarers, a growth of 9.4% from last year.

India will not allow foreign nationals to man its vessels although industry said there is an acute shortage of Indian seafarers, largely because many Indian officers find ready employment elsewhere with higher salaries and emoluments.

After December 31, 2006, U.S. boaters must not use Emergency Position Indicating Beacons (EPIRB) operating on 121.5 and 243 Mhz but must use only digital 406 Mhz units.

Mariners traditionally come to the aid of those in distress and so it was that the world's largest single-masted yacht (length 247', keel-down draft of 33', mast height of 292') *Mirabella V* responded to a Coast Guard radio call and evacuated the crew of three from the 32' yacht *Compromise*, which had a medical emergency on board while competing in the ARC Challenge 2006 race.

Singapore needs sand for reclamation but in 2002, Indonesia banned shipments of coastal (dredged) sand to Singapore and now it has banned all shipments of inland sand and so 3,600 workers lost their jobs. Sand sold for U.S.\$4.60 per cubic metre (about 1.3 cubic yards), of which about half went to the local administration as tax. Monthly shipments were as much as 300,000 cubic metres.

A judge stepped into a dispute between two families as to who owns major port facilities in Freeport, Grand Bahamas. He appointed receivers for the Grand Bahama Port Authority and Port Group Ltd. and temporarily barred a chairman from managing.

Great Britain, like many other nations, uses large tug-like vessels called Emergency Towing Vessels to save ships in trouble before they become pollution sources (go aground or whatever). The U.K. has six ETVs, some shared with France, and recently the U.K. Maritime & Coastguard Agency's website noted on the same Force 9 winter's day that the Anglican Monarch had gone to the aid of the Dutch warship *Johan de Witt*, temporarily powerless on a delivery voyage to Belgium, and was heading for a drifting barge while sister ETV *Anglican Princess* was towing the barge *Spar Garnet* to Torbay.

Head Shakers

U.S. Navy leaders, concerned because ultra-liberal San Francisco city supervisors had refused to offer a home port to the retired battleship *USS Iowa*, ruled that the commissioning ceremony for the *USS Makin Island* (LHD-8) would not be at San Francisco but at San Diego.

A nine-hour, £150,000 air/sea hunt for two passengers missing from the cross-Channel ferry *Pride of Kent* ended when authorities learned the Belgium couple had hitched a ride home from a truck driver without telling anyone.

I have two boats on trailers in a storage yard and 11 boats in my carport. For context, this is in Bellingham, Washington, where there is ample opportunity to get out on the water in any kind of boat. A sea kayak is sufficient for most people.

One of the boats in the storage yard is a 28' trimaran which I am trying to sell. It is a great boat which I put a lot of effort, time, and money into building. But my wife has zero interest in it (which she had made clear at the outset, but I wasn't really listening). It also takes over three-and-a-half hours and two or more people to set up and launch, and then it has become a bit much for me to sail by myself. So it hasn't been launched in the last two years.

The other boat in the storage yard is a Bolger Bantam which I have just completed. It is my first power boat and one I do see us using in the fair weather boating season.

In the carport there is a Bolger Tortoise, the dinghy I used with the trimaran. Not particularly fun to row, but it does have many virtues. It is compact, yet will haul three people short distances in relatively calm waters. It can be launched from the deck of a boat or entered from the water without swamping. I haven't tried the latter but it does slide nicely over the cross arm of the tri, either into the water or onto the trampoline where it rests contentedly. It provides a stable working platform if I am trying to scrub along a waterline and it is great for stepping ashore with dry feet.

But the feature I like best is the removable straddle seat. This provides flexible seating and, when ashore, makes a nice carrier for the oars, life jacket, water bottle, etc. Without the seat and oars, the boat, with its unprepossessing looks and the somewhat beat-up state mine is in, is not something anyone is immediately attracted to take. And without the seat, the boat, which weighs 50lbs (Douglas fir ply and 6oz glass on the bottom make it that heavy) can be comfortably carried reasonable distances on my back.

My favorite small dinghy for rowing, though, is a Bolger Mippet which I built years ago from his book *Small Boats*. This was the dinghy for a ferrocement canoe yawl we had in the late '70s and early '80s. The Mippet weighs 70lbs and in smooth water has carried two adults, two small children, and a medium-sized dog. While that was a stretch, it is great for various lesser combinations of passengers and rower. With one person it rows so well I want to go faster than its short waterline and rocker will allow.



It took some time to build because getting the bevels right on the multiple chine stringers was a big deal to me back then. The stringers were Honduras mahogany which planed nicely and with the interior oiled gave the Mippet a traditional look. People would wonder at its age in spite of the plywood frames. Now, of course, built over 30 years ago, it is becoming an antique. Scraping and repainting the exterior and painting the interior is on my project list for this winter.

Another Search for the Perfect Boat

By Dan Taylor

A more recent addition to the dinghies is a Dandy Dinghy designed by Thomas Firth-Jones and built from his *New Plywood Boats*. I love the looks of this boat. The bow is removable, making a compact package for storing on the deck of a larger boat or, in my case, overhead in the carport. I have a set of wheels universally adapted to fit the transoms of several of my boats. It works best on this one. With the hull inverted, the wheels fastened to the stern, the bow section tucked up and tied inside, and the oars lashed with the handles protruding from under the forward bulkhead, I have comfortably wheeled this dinghy on city streets for several blocks.



For my purposes the Dandy Dinghy has two limitations. One is that it was specifically designed for Thomas Firth-Jones and his wife, who is considerably smaller than he is. My wife and I both weigh 180lbs, so with either of us as passenger, the stern drags. I knew that when I built it, but didn't want to mess with the design and didn't realize how much the effect would be. The other problem for me is that at age 71 I find rowing with my legs relatively straight out, which the shallow under body of this boat requires, is uncomfortable after any length of time. Nevertheless, it is a charming boat that I haven't been able to part with.

Other plywood dinghies I have built were Bolger's Elegant Punt from *The Folding Schooner*, his Nymph from plans sold by Dynamite Payson, and a small skiff (designer unknown, but with plans drawn up and being sold at a boat shop in Seattle in the early '80s). The Elegant Punt was one of my earlier boats. I built it during a three-week stay at my in-law's summer cottage on Nantucket, all of the tools, saber saw, Yankee drills, block plane, etc. arriving with my luggage.



This is the boat, of all of the boats I have built, that has had the most use. That first year we just rowed it. Another season my wife made a beautiful sail. Unfortunately it was from heavy 10oz canvas and the boat, with 5.9sf of sail, was overcanvassed in strong winds so it was never much of a sailer, at least in our hands. But it was fun to fool around with. In heavy winds we also experimented with a lighter 35sf sail taken from an old fiberglass dinghy which worked better.

We didn't get to Nantucket every summer, but we had four nieces and nephews who did, so the Elegant Punt saw lots of duty as a boat for small children just messing around near shore. It wasn't long before a small outboard showed up in the household. The boat was used for many summers in this manner, the transom having been rebuilt once by a house guest. As the nieces and nephews and our kids grew up the boat got used less and less. I would row it to Coatue once or twice whenever we were on Nantucket, and it was used by one of the nephews who would pole out to his dad's boat on a mooring buoy to avoid getting his shoes and pant legs wet when going on a date. Finally after over 25 years of summer use, the Elegant Punt went with the house when our generation sold the property we could no longer afford to keep.

The Nymph was a good boat and my first attempt at stitch-and-glue. But it didn't have the distinctive look of the Elegant Punt, which we still had on Nantucket, or the salty appearance of the Mippet, which we were using on the Puget Sound, so I sold it. I see a number of them around the marinas so clearly it is a popular boat.

The skiff I mentioned above was quite a small boat as it had a pointed bow in a 7'8" length. It was the only boat I built specifically to sell as it was a commission by a fellow employee who just needed something to get out on the Hood Canal. I never tried it but apparently it worked well for his purposes. It also taught me I can't expect my labor to be worth much in boat building. In fact, the few boats I have sold haven't always returned the cost of materials. On the other hand, the building and using is priceless.

Another boat in the carport is a Bolger Perfect Skiff I wrote about in the January 1, 2002 *MAIB*. It is on a trailer but so tucked in it is difficult to access and I haven't used it since I rebuilt the mast two winters ago. I built a number of other boats I no longer have but those and the broken mast will be another story.

Continuing the carport inventory, there are two fiberglass kayaks which we bought new and a used fiberglass Minifish with an adapted Laser rig. The kayaks are Mariner brands, respectively 13' and 16' long and without rudders. My longer boat has a sliding seat to assist in finding the correct hull balance for the conditions. My wife's boat (a Mariner Coaster) tracks so well balance is not an issue. And, although her boat is shorter and wider than mine, she is also faster. We have never done a trial to see whether it is her or the kayak, but I think it is a little of both.

When we first got the kayaks six or seven years ago we really got into it, taking some lessons, learning our braces, and even being able to roll. When I finally mastered the technique I got so I could power my way through without much finesse. Here again Janet and her boat made an unbeatable combination. She could lay flat on her back deck and let the boat carry through the roll with very little effort.

Kayaks are quick to get on and off car racks and underway. But somehow the hassle of mounting the racks, and the special clothing and spray skirts, and the fact that I am usually working on a boat somehow interferes with their use. And while I like to see where I am going and appreciate the dependability of human power, it is not my favorite form of boating. So this last year we have only used them a few times.,

The Minifish was supposed to be an easy-to-get-underway alternative to the Sunfish which was the major thing Janet gave up when we sold the Nantucket house. But car topping any boat heavier than a 45lb kayak is an event rather than a casual happening. And Janet's size overwhelms the Minifish in any significant wind or waves, resulting in ready capsize, particularly with its adapted Laser rig. Being 5'10" and 61 years old, she also gets cramped after a period of concentrated sailing. So while it is simple and fun and fits her image of minimalism, we will probably try to sell it and I will build her some kind of light board boat or a small light sailing dinghy. Recently I have been considering Steve Sponberg's Halfling.

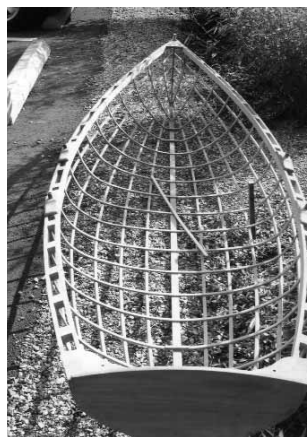
Another boat hanging in the carport is Butternut, Pete Culler's double paddle canoe. I use this occasionally on local messabouts but it is hard to keep up with the standard kayaks or rowboats everyone else is in, and I don't trust myself in it when the waves begin to build. Its virtue is in exploring small waterways. I have intended to rig a lug sail for it, another project which doesn't get priority.

This boat was a long time in the building process. Pete's plans were pretty skimpy for an amateur in comparison to plans by some designers. In lofting this boat I could not figure out a detail where the stem met the keel and keelson. I don't exactly remember what the problem was, but I let it gestate for several years while I was on other projects and, as I recall, finally faked the rabbet line in and it worked just fine in the building.

Instead of traditional lapstrake I used Tom Hill's building method with plywood strakes and in general did a good job. Due to my following instructions from Tom's book the breast hooks to inwale joints, for example, came out beautifully. There were a few flaws, like using colloidal silica in some of the joints which showed after I decided to finish it bright inside, and I never did work out a good seat backrest detail.

But the major problem with the boat from my point of view is that I used sapele instead of okoume because that was what was available at Flounder Bay at the time and I was anxious to get started again after the delay. Then I unnecessarily put three coats of epoxy on the inside and outside. This is something I don't even bother to do with okoume anymore except on the outside below the waterline and on decks. Result: a boat I expected to weigh 25lbs came out 35lbs.

Until recently the carport contained an old Klepper, which we had bought almost 40 years ago and which needed work and was sold cheaply, as well as the frame for Platt Monfort's Whitehall Jr. It was Platt who hooked me on *MAIB* by sending me a copy and promoting the magazine when he sent the plans and kit of materials. At 10'



long the Whitehall Jr. would have just fit into the back of my van and was supposed to be the light boat I could toss on my shoulder, something that the Butternut was not.

I had some trouble with the polyurethane glue that came with the kit as I tried to glue ash frames to Port Orford cedar stringers, eventually re-gluing many of the joints with epoxy. Tying them instead might have been even better. I never finished the boat because I kept vacillating between using the Dacron supplied or going with nylon and some high tech finish such as Hypalon. The former would have resulted in the light boat I was looking for, the latter would have provided a bomb proof covering. There was also the fact that I had made the transom of Honduras mahogany which I wanted to show on both sides and couldn't decide how best to do it. In the end I gave the boat to a friend of my son's who promised to finish it and actually use it.

The most recent addition to the carport is Steve Redmond's Whisp. I like the Perfect Skiff and haven't spent nearly enough time with it to really get to know it. But it is comparatively heavy and has to be trailered. I also find rowing it a bit ponderous, particularly if I have the mast and rig in the cockpit with me. I was looking for something lighter and simpler I could cartop to messabouts and other venues. Browsing old *Small Boat Journals* I came across an article on building the Whisp which reminded me of my attraction to it in the past.

I had finished the body to the Bantam and had decided to build the cabin top with some camber to it. The boat was outside under a tarp shelter. Last fall I finished the beams and had them set up with a covering layer of plywood waiting for spring and warm weather to complete the composite top and build the folding cabin sides. That gave me a building window to do something in the workshop so I ordered the Whisp plans for a Christmas present to myself and started building last January.



The Whisp is another interesting boat to build. The sides are composed of three strakes intended to be lapped and glued as flat panels with the chines, outwales, and a half round molding all glued on before bending the sides around the molds. This seemed incredible easy and apparently more than a thousand of these boats have been built by amateurs. In addition to the plans I also had the how-to article by John Wermescher and many other boat building books. How could I miss?

Because I use a shared workshop with limited space, the first mistake I made was to lay out and cut out the strakes in 8' segments to be joined to get the necessary length. When I tried to fit the laps with these shorter, yet-to-be-joined pieces I ran into all kinds of trouble. One of the problems being I had made some measurement errors, but mostly it was the impossibility of trying to correctly align everything working from half lengths. After joining my layout panels, correcting my errors, and double checking

everything, I was able to re-cut the strakes without loss of any material and butt block them in proper alignment.

But joining the laps was still tough. Steve used measurements to 32nds of an inch in some cases, whereas in the past in lofting or directly cutting out panels from plan measurements I have always worked with eighths plus or minus, or at worst a millimeter, and usually consider a success anything within an eighth.

When I tried to align the strakes with the correct amount of lap I was not nearly that close and was getting lots of twist as I tried to hold them in proper alignment. This was particularly puzzling because of those 32nds measurements. John's article did mention some fussiness would be required and that the panels would take some edge set. So I proceeded as best I could and the sides ended up identical enough to make me happy.

After that it was pretty straightforward with one exception. When I was putting on the bottom panel an acquaintance and I got into an argument about a neighborhood land use issue. In the heat of the argument, while I was ring nailing the bottom to the chines, I allowed some creep between the most forward station and the stem so the side panels were being pushed inward out of proper alignment. The sides came out quite symmetrical but whenever I look at the boat upside down I can see that the chines are not completely fair.

Lately I have painted all of my boats with latex because of its many benefits. But it is not a high gloss finish and it does seem to mar much easier than traditional oil based paints. On the Bantam, in the interest of weight and the fact it would spend most of its time on a trailer, I decided to paint the bottom with a water based linear polyurethane from System Three. I liked the way it went on and I liked the color, though it was a very bright red for a traditional looking boat, but mainly I had a lot of it left. So I used it on the Whisp to good effect, coupled with the varnished transom made from a piece of sapele left over from the double paddle canoe.

The boat was ready as a rowboat with a temporary seat for a March messabout. I discovered cartopping it on my van worked reasonably well but takes time and a stool for me to get it properly tied down. There just never seems to be a free lunch. My set of wheels mounted to the transom also worked tolerably well in helping to get the boat lowered off the back of the van and wheeled onto a soft sand beach. Wider tires and a wider spread between the wheels would make it even better.

It was a windy day and the boat handled well in small white caps. But the 7' oars I had made for the Perfect Skiff required overlapping the oar handles which also ended up in my lap. One of the other participants discovered that a boat he had designed and built worked better with the seat a little lower, among other things improving the center of gravity. That was a choice I had as well, but being mindful of my leg discomfort in the Dandy Dinghy, I chose instead to make some hinged row lock stations that were an inch or so higher 4" outboard of the designed row locks.

After some trial and error I had a temporary setup I was pleased with and tried it on a subsequent messabout on South Sound. By that time I had also ordered and installed a lovely set of caned seats from

Shaw and Tenney with the mast partner as an integral part of the forward seat as specified in the plans.

The Whip is a great rowboat for one person but it doesn't lend itself to having a second rowing station. This is mitigated by the passenger seat being well forward of the stern, and I am experimenting with finalizing my outriggers to have two row lock positions 4"-6" apart to allow some shift in the rower's weight as needed. That hasn't been done and the sailing components haven't been built yet, apart from a roughed out tiller and lee-board and the pieces cut for laying up the mast. More projects for this winter with the jury still out on how usable I will find Whip as a sailboat.

The last two boats in the carport are both Achilles inflatables tucked in various corners. One is a 12' hard floored model with an 8hp Yamaha. I realize now as I write this it has been more than 20 years since we originally bought the boat and motor. There was a period when we would take it with us on family cruises in our canoe yawl along with the Mippet. This gave my older son, and friends from other boats, some power to play with and allowed my younger son to take over rowing the Mippet. We also used the Achilles on some river trips and to poke around a few

waterways in British Columbia. But a nagging carburetion problem with the motor, which I have never successfully addressed, the hassle of inflating the boat and cleaning it and deflating it after each use, and competition with the other boats means we haven't used it in years. Something else to sell, assuming it is still in good enough condition.

The other Achilles is one of the small rowing models we bought on sale about a year ago. It doesn't row well at all which could be partially addressed by making up some better oars and maybe having some sort of skeg which could hang off the stem. Despite our plethora of dinghies Janet wanted this one to use with the Bantam. While it weighs more than some of the dinghies, it is nice to have soft sides when we lift it up on the roof or tie it to the stem when anchored. And the stability is great.

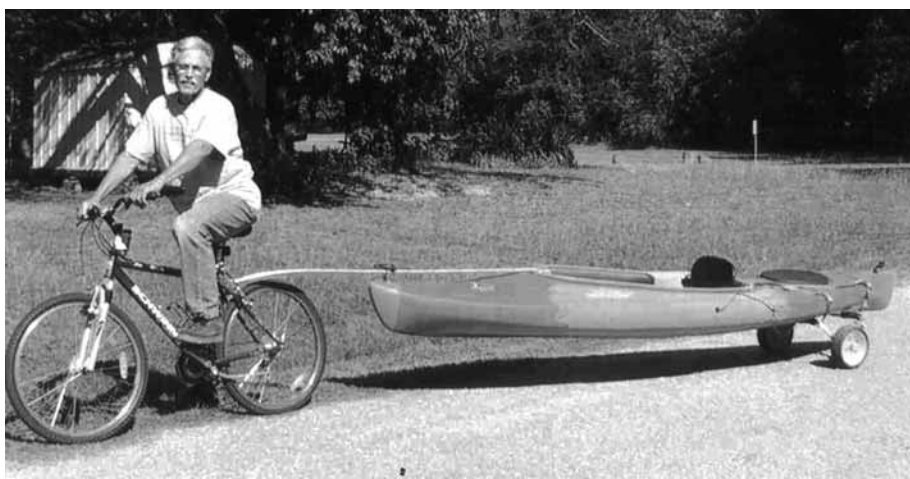
In addition to the boats in the car port, I also have the matched frames, cut out but not assembled, for the hulls of Thomas Firth-Jones' Brine Shrimp. This was supposed to be the simpler, smaller replacement for my more sophisticated tri. But at my age I don't know how many more large boats I have in me. And with our coolish summers I am beginning to rethink my multi-hull itch. While the Brine Shrimp is simpler to set up

than the tri, there is still a fold involved and this one has to occur in the water, not on the trailer, a complication at a busy boat ramp. Besides I still haven't sold the tri and don't have the money to start another large project.

I now have lost access to my affordable boat building yard which the city bought for a sewage treatment plant expansion. On top of all that, I have begun to fantasize about a Long Micro, a perfect boat for someone who wants to be a casual sailor?

Lastly I have most of the wood for a canvas covered, Greenland style kayak, including the gunwales with the mortises mostly made. I started this before buying my fiberglass kayak and still may be interested in building it, perhaps after I get past larger boat dreams. And then there are the several dusty models or partial lightings of boats I either subsequently made, haven't gotten to yet, or decided not to make.

This article started out with the intent to compare various boats I have as a follow-up to the ongoing discussion of the perfect boat that has been occurring in *MAIB*. It has wandered into construction as well as use. But as usual, certainly with me, it is about reaching for dreams which, perhaps fortunately, can never be quite fulfilled.



Bicycle Tow Bar for Kayaks

By Gary Gillespie

I came up with this while looking for a way to move a kayak or canoe easily around a park where the campsites were not near the boat launch facilities. I got the idea from the blue plastic rolling tanks that are used in RV parks to dump waste water into without moving the RV. They come with a metal bracket that allows the tank to be pulled like a trailer.

I already had the kayak/canoe dolly and thought it would be great to use my bike. The solution was pretty simple, a snap hook on the bicycle and a tow bar made of 3/4" electrical conduit. It took less than an hour to put together and cost less than \$10 (if you have some scrap metal around). The most expensive item for me was the conduit, which cost less than \$4.

The snap hook is attached to the bicycle seat post with a hose clamp. To help the snap hook fit with less movement I ground a shallow vee where it rests against the seat post. A few wraps of electrical tape around the post help prevent slippage.

I cut the conduit length according to the kayak length from the front of the coaming to the bicycle seat post with 6" or so clearance between the kayak bow and the bike rear wheel. I flattened the kayak end of the conduit for about 2", enough so a short piece of 1"x3/8" flat aluminum about 13" long will slide 2" inside. Two pop rivets will hold this in place. I bent the aluminum strap into a hook that roughly matched the cockpit coaming, it doesn't have to be exact as the force on the kayak bow is downward. I slipped a length of 1/4" vinyl plastic hose over this hook. On the bike end of the conduit a slight bend will allow it to clear the rear tire and still have the hook low enough on the seatpost for smaller riders. If a conduit bender is not available, two sturdy tree trunks in a tight vee will suffice. Just bend gently a little at a time to prevent crimping in this case, moving the conduit as each small bend is made. To attach the screw eye, I hammered a piece of soft wood into the conduit, drilled a pilot hole, and screwed the eye in.

On my kayak the bow handle has a loop and the conduit goes through this to support the bow. I made a tow bar for another kayak that did not have a loop, so to support the bow on this one I pop riveted an eye strap to the conduit about 18" behind the bow. This provided an attachment point for a tie down strap that wraps under the bow then back to the eye strap. The eye strap keeps the tie down from sliding forward. The tow hook may lean a bit to one side since it is not being held firmly horizontal at the kayak end, but this doesn't matter as long as it clears the bike tire.

If you prefer to pull the kayak or canoe with your car or truck, in place of a screw eye use a loop of 3/4" rod that will drop over your trailer hitch ball. I also put a screw eye into the handle of my folding dock cart so it can be pulled with the bike. This provides an easy way for me to carry my fishing equipment around the park.

Now that I think about it, a folding bike towing a folding cart would have been fantastic back in our sailboat cruising days when a trip from the dock to the grocery store or laundry was often a heavily loaded hike of several miles.



One 67' Yacht – \$30

By Marshall Katz
(smallboatsailor@hotmail.com)

It was early March 1960. The ad in the *Washington Post* for an auction held by the D.C. harbor police on their dock in the Washington Channel drew my attention. The auction was to be held the following Saturday. To be auctioned off were about 20 lost or derelict boats that were picked up by the Coast Guard or the harbor police. Among the boats listed was a Grumman aluminum canoe. This was my chance to own a canoe at a bargain price.

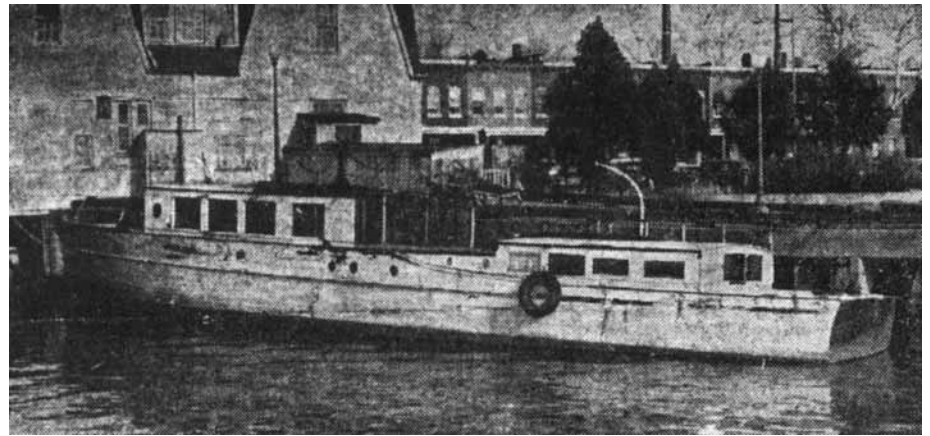
So there we were, my older brother and myself (he came to help), standing on the dock near the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial in the early morning chill with about 20 men waiting for the auctioneer to begin. On the dock among these battered and neglected boats was the dented but serviceable Grumman aluminum canoe that I came to bid on and own.

Just as the auction was about to start Jack, of Jack's Boat House on the Potomac river near the Key Bridge, came down the dock to talk to the auctioneer. After a few minutes of conversation he hoisted the canoe over his head and walked off with it. He had convinced the auctioneer that it was one of his rental fleet that went astray. My idea of a cheap canoe went astray, too. I was ready to leave, but my dear brother who came to help thought it would be fun to stay and watch the bidding on the rest of the boats.

The auctioneer began the auction by pointing to a large 67' yacht lying in the water next to the dock. Now, while waiting for the auction to begin, my brother and I had gone aboard this yacht to look her over. She was not just large but seemed to be well fitted out, even if quite a bit run down. In the large galley there was a refrigerator similar to the one we had at home. There was a Captain's State Room adjacent to which was a head with a full size copper bathtub. Wow! There was a lot of room on this boat. The engine room had two engines and room to get down there to service them. From the Ship's Log it seems the early owner was a Marie Dressier who our parents said was an early silent and talking movie actress (*Dinner at Eight*, *Tugboat Annie*).

Now the men waiting on the dock knew that this boat was not really floating but was being held up next to the pier on pilings because of her rotting planks, we didn't. They knew that when the tide was high the boat filled with water including the engine room, we didn't. They also knew that the boat had been picked up by the harbor police from a nearby marina because her previous owner had neglected her, never paid his rent, and left her to rot. We didn't know any of these things.

So the auctioneer began the auction with this boat. "Who will start the bidding for this fine yacht at \$1,500?" he asks. There was complete silence among the men on the dock. After another request to start the bidding at \$500 met with complete silence, my dear brother who came to help me get a canoe yells out "five dollars." After a lot of laughter among the crowd of men, a bid of \$10 was offered and so on until my less and less dear brother bid \$30. There were no other bids being offered and the auctioneer



sang out, "\$30, going once, going twice at \$30." My knees began to shake uncontrollably. "Sold for \$30 to these young men."

"Who has the money?"

"I do."

"Well thank you, Captain, that's some bargain you got."

Then one of the harbor police came over and said, "By the way, boys, nothing leaves that boat until the boat leaves the dock, you got it? And also you have one week to move or you lose your money and the boat, congratulations."

The time limit of a week to move her by two clueless young men who never owned a boat of any size before put us in water way over our heads. Our "Large Boat" problems had just begun. We did not have the funds to get her floating in such a short time. The cost of getting someone to do the work was not an option either.

When the picture of the "\$30 Yacht" was published in the *Washington Post*, the phone calls to our home by people wishing to own a dream yacht began in earnest. When we explained the condition of the boat to potential buyers the offers were withdrawn. Now, with all the upheaval at home, Mom was not happy with her sons. "When Mom's not happy, then nobody is happy." We had to do something. We decided to forget the boat and forfeit the \$30.

Then we got a call from a Mr. Fiocca who, among other business endeavors, ran a marine salvage business. He said he knew about the boat's condition and our plight and offered to take over ownership of our yacht for \$100. "Sold!" Mr. Fiocca got the time

limit to move the boat extended to a month and placed a team of men to start the patching so he could float her. He then towed her to a cove about ten miles down river and there careened her on the beach and began repairing her bottom properly. Later on he replaced the engines and put her into service as a home base with the rest of his boats in his marine salvage business removing old pilings, etc.

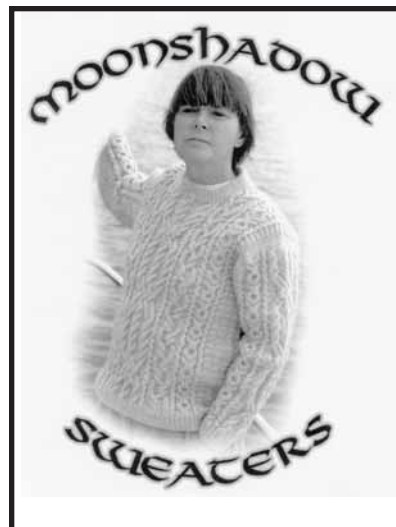
About 10 or 12 years later I ran into Mr. Fiocca again while he was on a visit to the Olde Town Yacht Basin where our mutual friend, Ms. Katie Lang, managed the marina. Of course, I asked him of our \$30 yacht. He told me he used her happily for those many years but one day, while steaming about 12 knots across the Chesapeake Bay she hit a log, her hull was stove in, and within two hours she went to the bottom of the bay. So our \$30 yacht is resting on the bottom of the bay and that is the end to it.

But I still wonder sometimes what it must have been like to soak in the suds in a copper bathtub on your own yacht.? The closest I came to that is when my kayak went over in the middle of the Potomac and filled with water, but I'm not ready to put that on paper yet. Maybe next time.

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Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory Report

This year Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory has seen great strides in improving our facilities. Since we moved into a new building in the summer of 2004, many individual donors, volunteers, and foundations have enabled us to completely refurbish a rough warehouse. This move was a long time coming. We have expanded numbers and sizes of projects and programs, something impossible in our former site. We have come a long way but the work is not yet complete!

To finish the shop, we still need to complete the following:

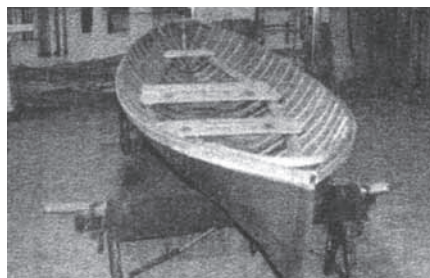
- Build new skylights and repair roof leaks.
- Improve lighting and electrical systems.
- Insulate the bare-beamed ceiling.
- Build a mezzanine for office space off the shop floor.

Our goal is a safer, more comfortable space for students and a more fiscally and environmentally sound shop.

One way we have further enhanced contributions to complete improvements is a new partnership. For the past two years undergraduates from the University of Michigan have volunteered at the Factory over their spring break. With their help and the help of other key volunteers we have already built a plywood floor, workbenches, and a wall for separate classroom space in the shop. While the Michigan students will be lending us free labor once again in February, we still need to buy materials to complete the improvements.

The completion of our shop will greatly enhance all current programs and allow us to begin a brand new program. In September of 2007 we will begin the Marine Industry Trade (MIT) internship program in wooden boat building. This internship will focus on training individuals to work in the marine industry. Such a program has been an organizational goal since the Factory was founded in 1996 and we moved the shop to make it happen. In beginning this new program we will continue to provide unique programs for under-served youth and interesting classes and opportunities for adults.

Over the past year a lot has been happening on the shop floor. We are just completing a 17' Herreshoff pulling boat. The boat was built for a local owner.



Hereshoff pulling boat on the shop floor.

Working with a group of students from Brother Rousseau Academy, we completed a Chesapeake Light Craft Mill Creek 16.5 that was donated by Brewster Fay of Narberth. Lotus Land Tours in British Columbia, Canada, bought the boat to add to their fleet of kayaks. Working with a new group from Brother Rousseau Academy

we're currently building another that will be for sale in the spring.



Ocean City Lifeboat 1776 in Newport.

Ocean City Life Boat 1776 was launched over the summer and exhibited at the WoodenBoat Show in Newport, Rhode Island. We're currently in the process of restoring a second older Ocean City Life boat. Also launched over the summer and exhibited at the WoodenBoat Show was a Herreshoff Buzzards Bay 15. We are now replacing the deck on a 1952 Vertue, a 27' cruising sailboat and completing spars for a Blue Water 14. On the drawing board we have a 18' Reach Boat that we'll start building in January of 2007. Contact us to come by for a tour.



Herreshoff Buzzards Bay in Rockhall.

This year we're excited to have many more school groups working our programing into their curriculum. We're building another Mill Creek Kayak with students from Brother Rousseau Academy. We're offering a wide range of kayaks in our adult kayak building course and offering a wooden surfboard building course.

Like other non-profits we are always looking for financial support which, in our case, will help in the following ways:

- \$150 supports a class for a day.
- \$300 buys the materials for building a canoe
- \$750 buys the materials to build a kayak
- \$1500 supports a student for a year.

We're changing how we communicate with the interested public. We're moving from printing and sending out a newsletter once a year to a more frequent email list. We currently have a link on our website that can be used to subscribe to email updates of classes, projects, events, and more. By using email rather than printing and mailing a newsletter we will save thousands of dollars a year and get information out in a more timely manner. If you are interested please take the time to visit our web site at info@woodenboatfactory.org and sign up for the email list.

Geoff McKonly, Executive Director, Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2126 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400.

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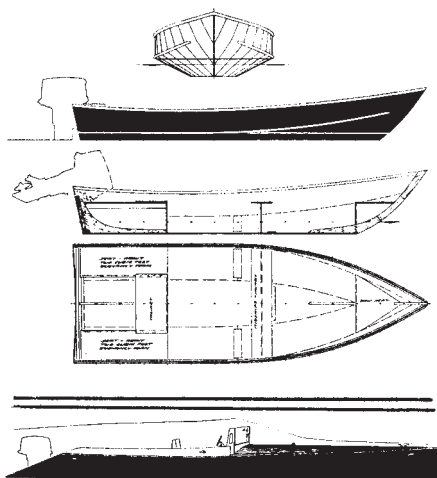
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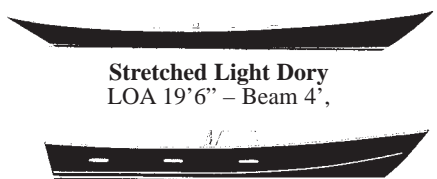
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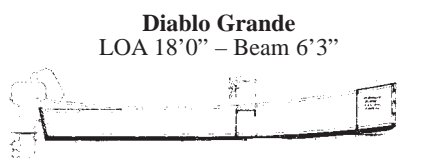
Our Most Popular Model
Diablo
LOA 15'0" – Beam 5'



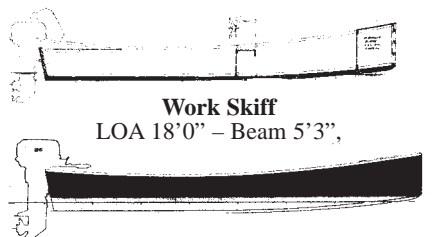
Sneakeasy
LOA 26'6" – Beam 4'3",



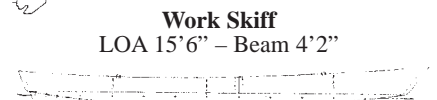
Stretched Light Dory
LOA 19'6" – Beam 4',



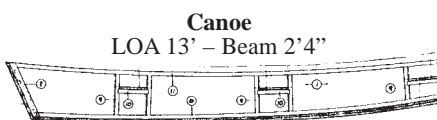
Diablo Grande
LOA 18'0" – Beam 6'3"



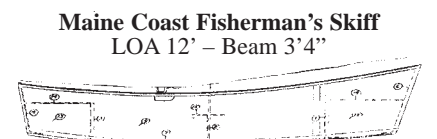
Work Skiff
LOA 18'0" – Beam 5'3",



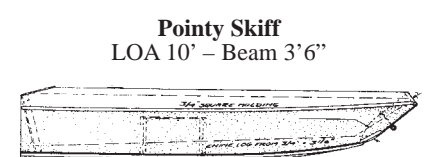
Work Skiff
LOA 15'6" – Beam 4'2"



Canoe
LOA 13' – Beam 2'4"



Maine Coast Fisherman's Skiff
LOA 12' – Beam 3'4"



Pointy Skiff
LOA 10' – Beam 3'6"



Skimmer
LOA 8' – Beam 4'

Plans & Kits Series

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Get out on the water in a boat of your own building ... FAST

Instant Boats are designed by marine architect Phil Bolger so that you can build and launch a smart and handsome sailer in 40 working man hours or less!

Can you saw a penciled line, apply glue, drive screws? Could you build a box? If so, you can build your own INSTANT BOAT. But it won't be a box. The genius of Phil Bolger guarantees that your completed craft will boast a pleasing sheer and graceful flare. Both looks and performance are designed right into these highly efficient rowing and sailing craft.

Why is it so easy? For one thing, all the complex drudgery of lofting lines and building a jig have been designed right out of every INSTANT BOAT. The lofting has been done for you. Nor will you have to build two boats to get one, which is just about what making a jig turns boat building into.

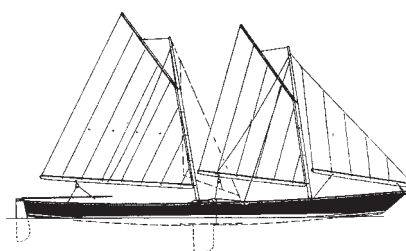
You start right in cutting readily available plywood sheets to pre-computed patterns and before you know it you will be fastening them together, all your basic assembly virtually complete. If you are just "average handy" with tools, you can beat the 40-hour schedule mentioned above... and be on the water in five working days or less.

Which of these INSTANT BOATS will be yours? Look over these designs. Each has been built and tested by professional builder Harold H. Payson. In fact, Payson and Bolger teamed up from the start in order to ensure sound craftsmanship along with ease of construction. Not one INSTANT BOAT plan has been released until both these perfectionists declared themselves satisfied. These men have put their reputations and personal pride right on the line.

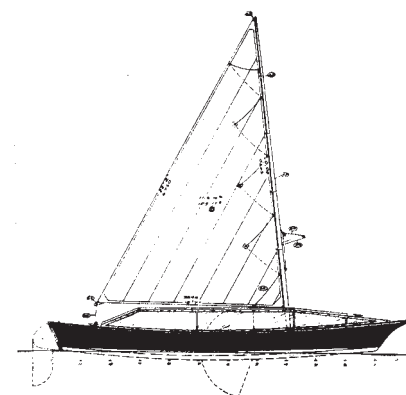
Late in the season? Suppose you start on the first available weekend. Four or five days later you can start putting paint on your new craft, a day or two more and you'll be getting compliments from admiring pierside critics.

Take your time if you want to, but start NOW. Your INSTANT BOAT will grow so fast under your hands that your progress will astound you. Just as soon as you write or telephone, your INSTANT BOAT is really on the way. The special satisfaction of commanding your own handiwork on the water, and being proud of it, will be yours when you wish. And for many years to come.

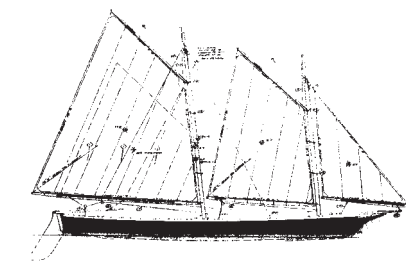
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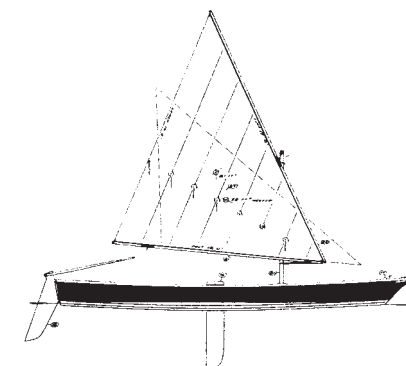
Folding Schooner
LOA 31'5" – Beam 5' – Draft 7'2"10"



Birdwatcher
LOA 23'6" – Beam 5'7"
Sail Area 125sf

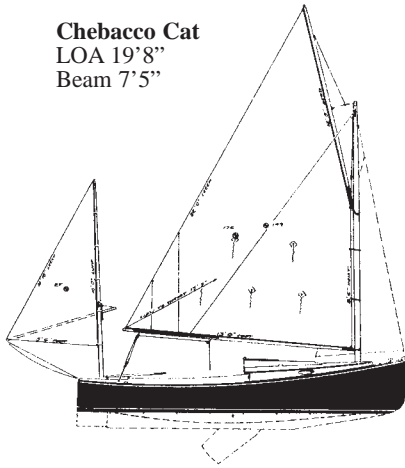


Light Schooner
LOA 23'6" – Beam 5' – Draft 6'3"8"
Sail Area 204sf

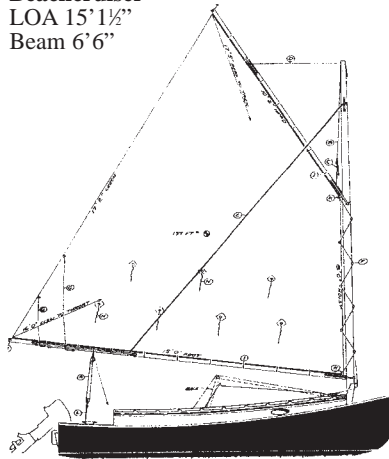


Zephyr
LOA 20'9" – Beam 3'8"

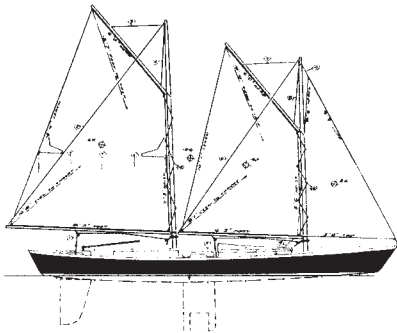
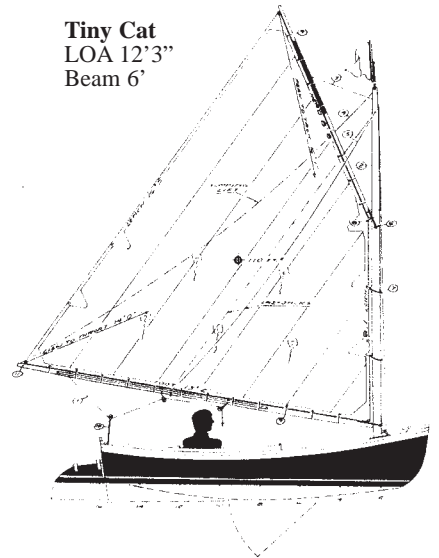
Chebacco Cat
LOA 19'8"
Beam 7'5"



Catfish Beachcruiser
LOA 15'1½"
Beam 6'6"

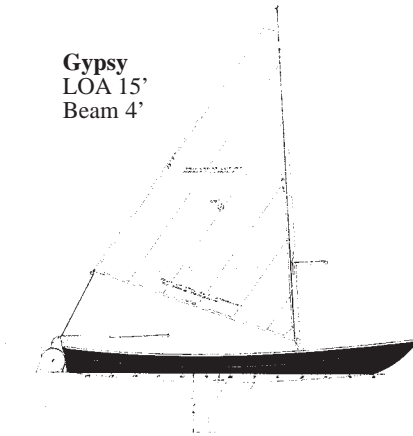


Tiny Cat
LOA 12'3"
Beam 6'

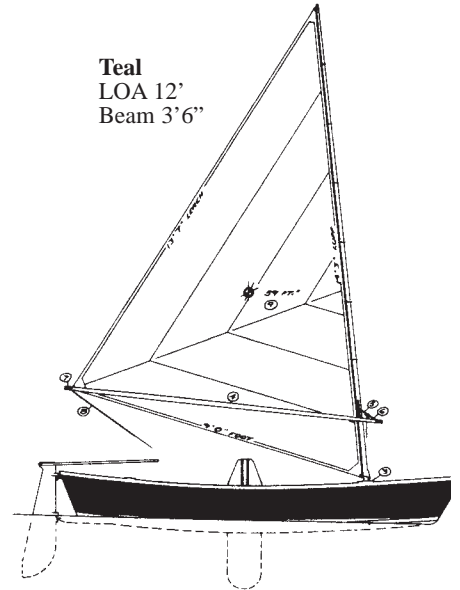


Singlehander Schooner
LOA 19'6" – Beam 4'2" – Draft 3'

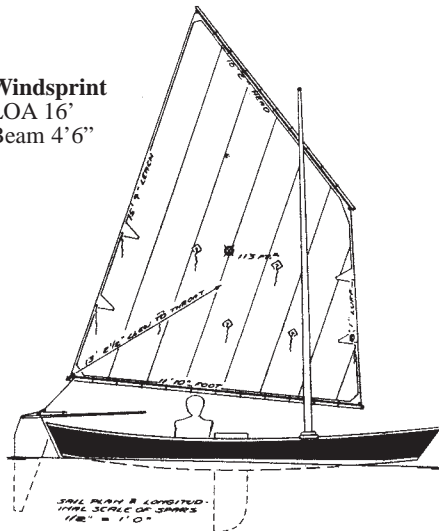
Gypsy
LOA 15'
Beam 4'



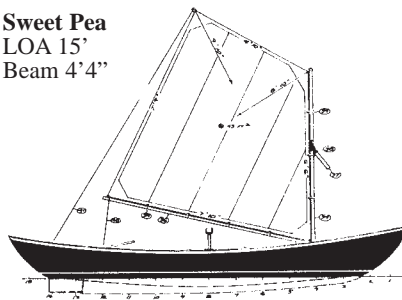
Teal
LOA 12'
Beam 3'6"



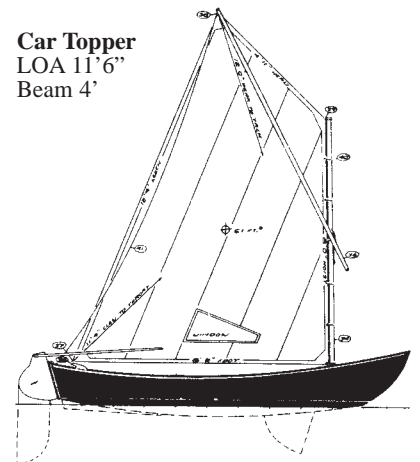
Windsprint
LOA 16'
Beam 4'6"



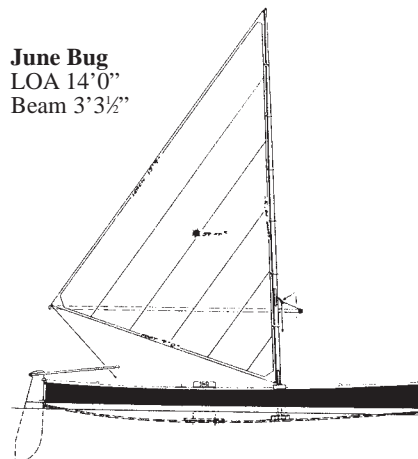
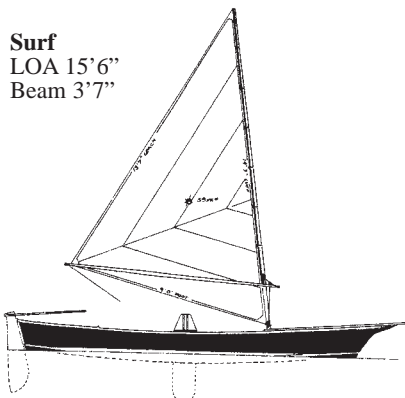
Sweet Pea
LOA 15'
Beam 4'4"



Car Topper
LOA 11'6"
Beam 4'

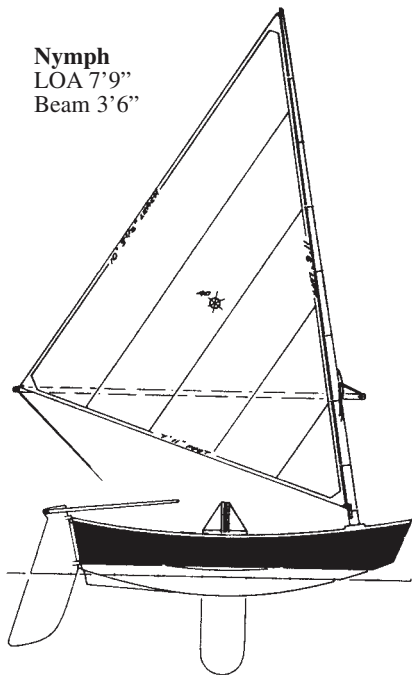


Surf
LOA 15'6"
Beam 3'7"

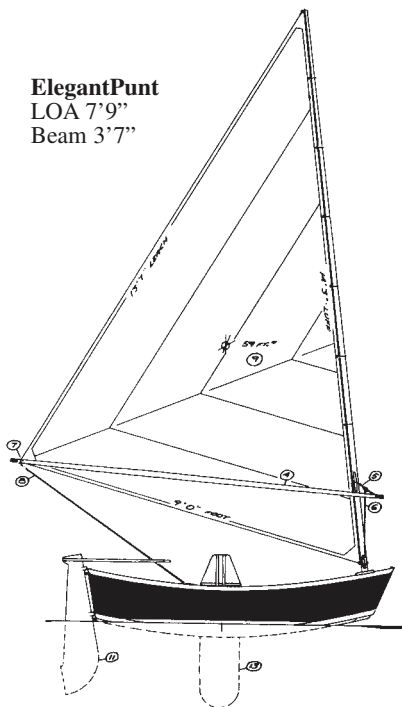


June Bug
LOA 14'0"
Beam 3'3½"

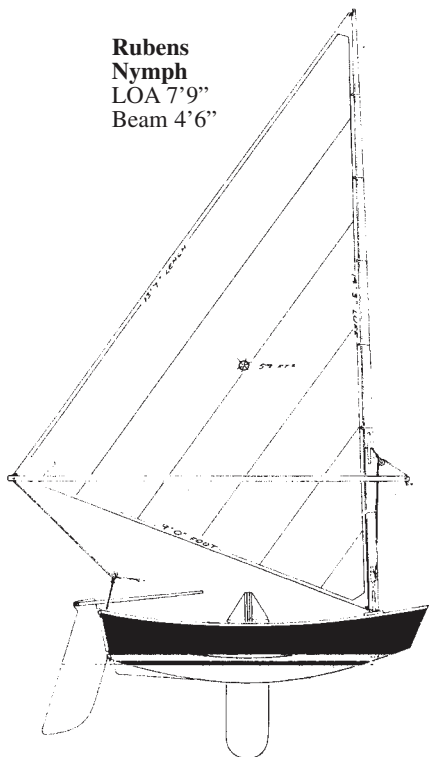
Nymph
LOA 7'9"
Beam 3'6"



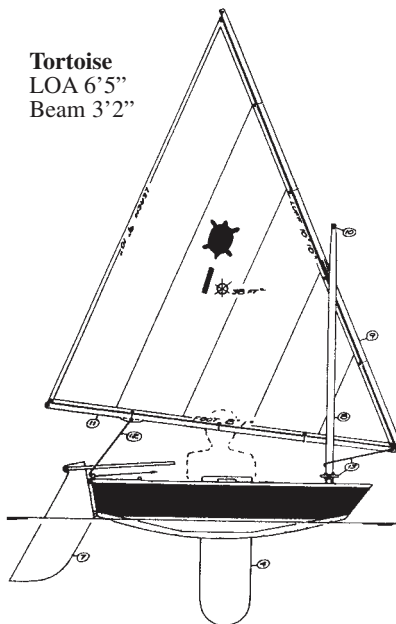
ElegantPunt
LOA 7'9"
Beam 3'7"



Rubens Nymph
LOA 7'9"
Beam 4'6"



Tortoise
LOA 6'5"
Beam 3'2"



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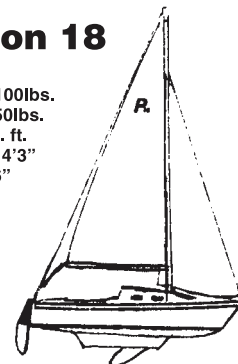
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New Wooden NorseBoat

By Kevin Jeffrey

NorseBoat Ltd of Belfast, PEI, Canada, is pleased to announce our modern wooden version of our NorseBoat 17.5 Sailing & Rowing Cruiser. That fiberglass version of the NorseBoat, designed by Chuck Paine, has been in production since 2004. The new wooden NorseBoat is now available as a kit for amateur builders or professionally built by a NorseBoat licensed subcontractor.

Developing a wooden NorseBoat 17.5 was in our business strategy from the beginning. We chose to initially manufacture the boat in fiberglass, selling 50 of those boats in two years has given us the ability to bring the wooden sistership to market.

Wooden NorseBoat Hull #1 was introduced at the 2006 Wooden Boat Show in Newport, Rhode Island. Many show attendees at the NorseBoat booth expressed the opinion that "this lovely Chuck Paine design deserves to be made out of wood."

NorseBoat Ltd. collaborated with designer Michael Mason and builder Scott Dagley, both of Nova Scotia, to develop the modern plywood/epoxy version of the NorseBoat 17.5. It is available as a kit for amateur builders or, if desired, professionally assembled by Dagley's Boatworks. We are now accepting commissions for the professionally built wooden NorseBoats for those who want the look and feel of a wooden NorseBoat but don't have the time or inclination to build their own.

The wooden NorseBoat kits can be assembled by the amateur builder. Each NorseBoat kit includes all the necessary wood components to complete the project. Also included is a detailed build manual describing the construction of the boat. Scott Dagley runs one-week intensive NorseBoat Builders Workshops in Nova Scotia where customers can come to learn how to build their own boat. 2007 workshops run March 19-23 and 26-30, and August 13-17 and 20-24.

All of the standard components and options found on the NorseBoat web site are available for wooden versions of the NorseBoat 17.5. These components and options include spruce oars and oarlocks, complete sailing kit with two-piece carbon fiber mast, fully battened mainsail, headsail kit, spruce boom and gaff yard, galvanized trailer, canvaswork, including spray dodger, bimini, camping tent, mooring cover, main-sail cover, and whole boat storage cover.

NorseBoat Ltd, (902) 659-2790, kjefrey@norseboat.com, www.norseboat.com



Interested in an oil filler spout that screws on to threaded oil containers so that you can "reach" the oil fill opening in the engine without dribbles? How about a valve on the oil container so you only add part of the oil? Could you use a carbon monoxide detector (reusable)? Need to remove the ice build-up on the windshield? If the answer to any of the above is "yes," go to your local fixed base operator (aircraft lingo) or find a copy of a pilot's catalog. There are all kinds of gear that you might find useful and will probably never be shown in a "marine catalog."

There is a useful book of boating hints by Joel Graffley entitled *Something Borrowed: 101 Useful Tips For Every Sailor* (1995) that I refer to from time to time. I have not tried the cayenne pepper (2oz/gallon) in my paint on the bottom of the boat to keep off barnacles, but the idea of painting your through-hull fittings a different color from the bottom color makes sense. The author notes that if you are going to tow a dinghy you should put some float on the lines to keep them out of the prop (discarded floats for pool sweep hoses?).

Speaking of floats for pool sweep hoses, parrels are a type of wood roller used on gaff rigged sailboats to provide a rolling surface for some items. They are also useful for lines around a piling when you want the line to move up and down with the tide (or other rising/falling water conditions). You can purchase such items or you can use some of the floats for pool sweep hoses for the same purpose. In fact, a friend with a pool can be a great advantage to those with boats. Pool chemicals come in a variety of container sizes which usually have a wide mouth, are fairly watertight, and often come with built-in handles. They can be used to hold tools, boat gear, or be your "abandon ship bag."

Each year I need to remove the registration decal on my boat and apply the new one. Some years I simply layered the new one over the old one. After a few years it becomes necessary to remove the decals and start over. All but the bottom decal come off fairly easily. The one on the hull is another matter. I have found that the removal of the decal from the fiberglass can be a major problem, whether it is last year's decal or one from a few years back.

Some people use acetone (which can cause damage to the gel coat if you are not careful) and others use one of the goo remover preparations. Whatever you use, be sure to keep cleaning the area as you work. Otherwise you may just continue spreading the adhesive instead of removing it.

Odors on a boat can be a problem. The cause can be a leaking holding tank seal, spilled diesel fuel, a seasick person, or any number of other sources. A boating list that I belong to had a number of suggestions that may be of use. Various products were recommended and all of them seem to contain bacterial cultures, linear alkyl sodium sulfonate, and ethoxylated alcohol. It was suggested that you wear rubber gloves, eyewear protection, and have very good ventilation before using such products. Another approach is the use of an ozone generator. No matter what course you follow to deal with odors in the boat, follow the instructions very carefully.

Did you know that digital diesel engines require a different battery connection system from non-digital diesels? How about the fact that the engine block is, for the most part, isolated from the rest of the electronics? If

From The Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

not, you might want to research the subject before you re-power with such an engine. Along with the newer engines there is also the concept of "fly by wire" which is a aeronautical term for plane controls that did away with the mechanical connection between the pilot and the flaps, rudder, and other such controls. There is now the same type of instrumentation in boat technology. The technology relies on one sort of computer (or chips) or another and requires the same "plug and play" technology that you find in your PC. It is the technology of the future and you should be aware of both the benefits and problems therein.

Designated for hunters, "Guiding Lights" is a fluorescent reflector strip marker. Designed to be attached to branches or other small cylinders, these reflector strips might have some uses around a boat (reflective strips, line markers, etc.). They are sold in red, green, and orange. Check your local hunting store.

New boats come to the market. Some are quite nicely designed and some could use some improvement. If the engine hatch has a device that holds up the hatch, is the device secure in the open position? How hard is it to disengage to close the hatch? How exposed is the wiring under (or by) the helm location? Could it get wet? Could you put your foot through it? If there are compartments exposed to the rain and spray, where do they drain, over the side or into the bilge? If into the bilge, what may get wet from the draining water (like electrical wiring)? Where is the battery switch located? Is it exposed to the elements? Is it easy to get to? If you dropped a metal tool, would it damage the switch? Do the through-hull fittings below the waterline have positive securing seacocks?

This type of list can go on for a long time. The idea is to consider what can go wrong and what could be done about such happenings beforehand. Oh yes, you might want to get your boat safety inspected by a Coast Guard Auxiliary or United States Power Squadron member to see if the boat meets the standard required safety check. In some states, displaying the inspection sticker will decrease the chance of being spot inspected on the water.

You use WD-40 for all kinds of things. It is even used for lubrication when another product would do a better job. This product came from the Rocket Chemical Company's laboratory. After a series of experiments the water displacement attempt number 40 was successful in creating a substance that was both a rust preventive solvent and a degreaser. The result of this effort over 50 years ago was what we now call WD-40. The web site (www.wd40.com) reportedly lists some 2,000 uses for the product.

I was getting rid of some old standing

rigging. It had been in storage for 30 years and some of the galvanized shackles had corroded into a single piece. None of the "miracle oils" would loosen anything. I finally hacksawed the screw-in clevis pin apart to make room for the thimble, swaged wire to come off only to find that the years of use (before storage) had elongated the thimble loop to the point they would no longer clear the ends of the shackle.

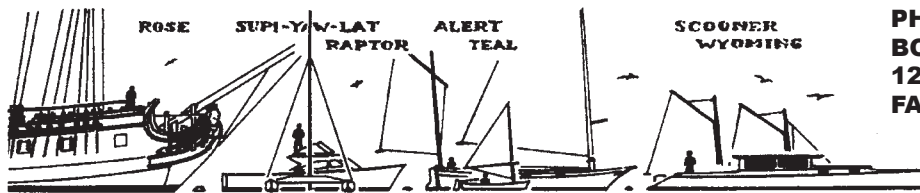
My solution was my honorable (and also old) belt sander. You might (or not) be amazed at what can be done with a deftly used belt sander. In this case, I put the shackle in the bench vise and used the sander to take off the edges of the shackle and "thinned" it down some. While the shackle was totaled, the wires came off undamaged and ready for re-use. One of the old, metal-cased belt sanders can be clamped to a sawhorse for use as a planning sander (with the proper grit) to do the rough sanding before the finish work and work on fiberglass (if very careful). It is a neat tool.

Back in January 1, 2003, the new federal PFD rules came into effect. Each coastal state has its own PFD rules and Florida is no exception. The interesting thing in Florida was how the new federal rules affected those who boated in Florida waters vs. boating in the federal jurisdiction beyond Florida's waters. What resulted was that a person could be in compliance with the federal PFD rules and, if they came into Florida's waters, not in compliance with the Florida PFD rules.

Florida's PFD rules require any child under the age of six to wear a suitable PFD at all times when a boat (26' LOA or under) is underway with no exceptions. The federal PFD rule, outside Florida's jurisdiction, requires a PFD be worn by any child under the age of 13 except when the child is below deck while a recreational boat (any length) is underway. In both cases, life lines and safety restraints do not count. The child MUST WEAR A PFD if the boat is underway and the child is on deck in federal waters!

Florida's jurisdiction is up to nine nautical miles offshore in the Gulf of Mexico and up to three nautical miles offshore in the Atlantic Ocean. Beyond this point, the federal rules take effect. Thus, a child over six but under 13 does not need a PFD in Florida's waters, but does need to wear one in federal waters. Your state may have the same conflict and you might want to check and be sure of your situation since non-compliance can be expensive.





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Nimbus was designed about 30 years ago for Jean and Jim Paten, then of Perth in Western Australia. She was primarily to be their home but also to do all kinds of odd jobs, setting moorings, light towing and salvage work, carrying an occasional fishing party, and even the odd cargo-carrying job to some out-of-the-way place on that long, sparsely inhabited coast facing the Indian Ocean. Note the hold under the deckhouse, 7½' long by 3'11" deep by over 13' wide.

Bolger on Design

Nimbus

Steel Liveaboard Diesel Cruiser

Design #367

34'0" x 14'0" x 3'5"

11.74 Long Tons Displacement

(Part 1 of 2)

She was not meant for a passagemaker but did have to be able to cope with rough water in the open sea, adding to her fuel capacity with long range tanks in the hold would, of course, open up destinations across large bodies of water. Since in the Paton's use she would spend much of her time in a marina berth, it was desirable to make her as compact as good manners underway allowed, resulting in her now almost fashionable length-to-beam ratio of 2.43:1; i.e., 34'x14'.

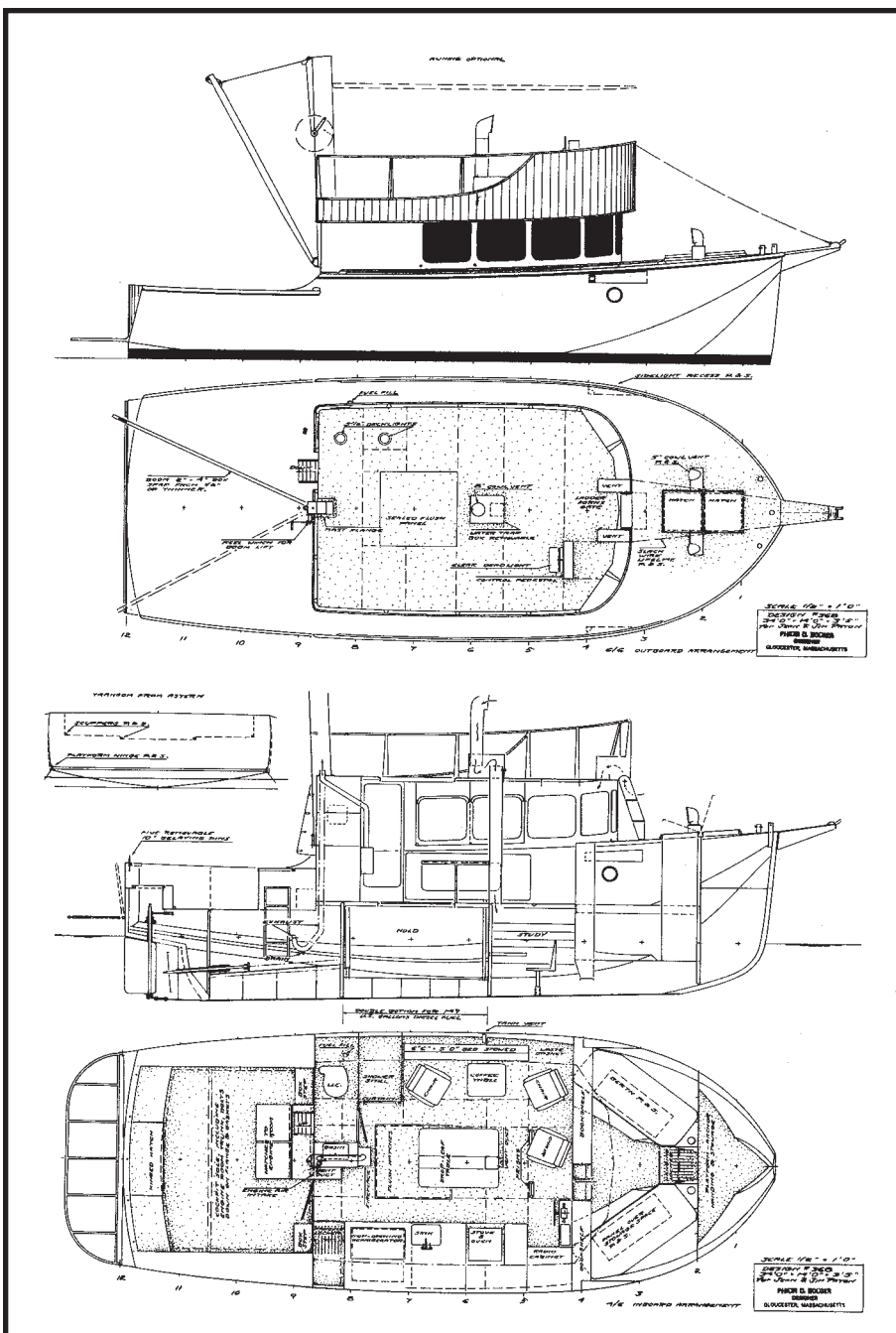
The open water requirement called for plenty of reserve buoyancy and stability, with high sides for most of her length and lots of watertight volume all along. She was designed to be plated with ⅜" steel, very curvy for the most part with a minimum of rust trap framing. She had to carry all their possessions, including a sizeable library, along with the weight of steel. I judged that her displacement in use would be on the order of 26,000lbs. The Patons were a bit startled when I suggested 14' beam, that was unusual if not unprecedented at the time, but it helped on the cabin and deck layout so they were glad to take my word that she'd drive more easily on that beam than if she were built narrower and therefore even deeper bodied. The extra beam adds to the weight, of course, but not as much as it adds to her buoyancy.

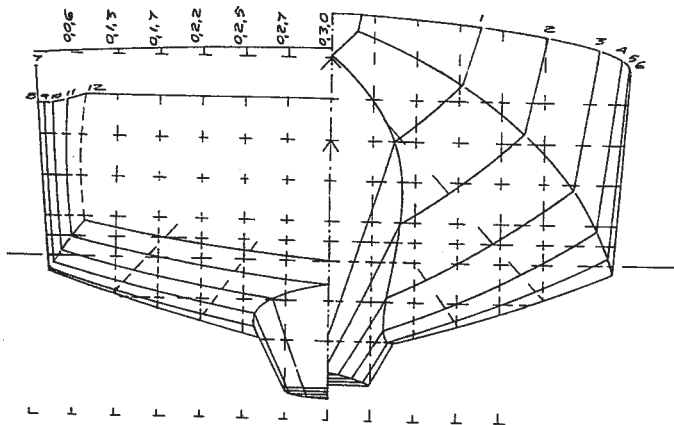
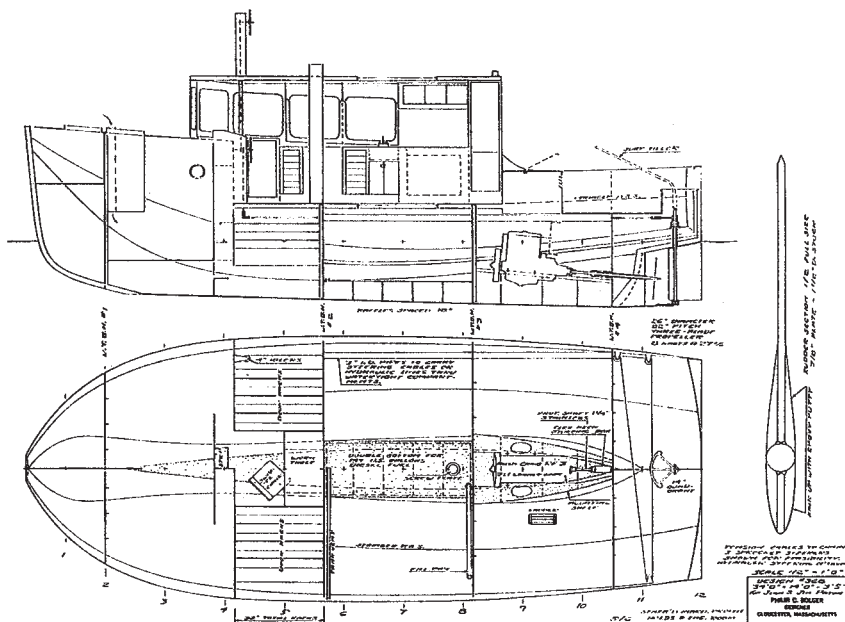
The interior represents the way the Patons like to live. Minor amenities include the shower stall separated from the toilet room and good attention to superb ventilation though, in light of her homeport's climate, she did not have the care taken to design in effective insulation as we would do now.

My main contribution was the study for Jean's writing, buried down in the bowels of the vessel. Writing is hard work to settle down to and what a writer does not need at all is a necessity to put away all the reference material and covering up the typewriter (at that time still the writer's normal tool!) every time somebody else wants to eat or sleep. That little cave, with all the books and papers within reach and no room for anybody else, is good for a writer's productivity, and for her temper...

The designed engine was an Ailsa Craig RF3 developing 30hp at 1200rpm and turning a 26" three-blade propeller through a 2:1 reduction gear. They had this engine in mint condition. I don't know when this particular engine was built, it was available as recently as the middle 1950s, but the design must go back to the 1920s at least. It must have a lovely resonant sound, though very likely a noticeable vibration. And presumably it is not finicky to maintain. Cruising speed was expected to be about 7kts, which is as fast as it's economical to drive a full-displacement hull of this waterline length.

In the next issue, we'll show what came of this design.





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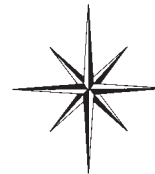
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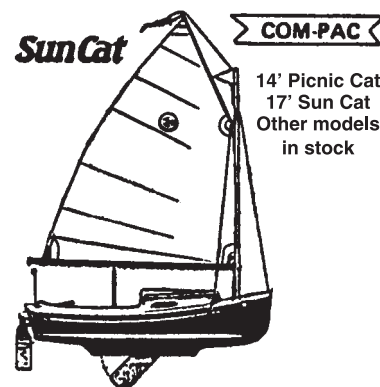
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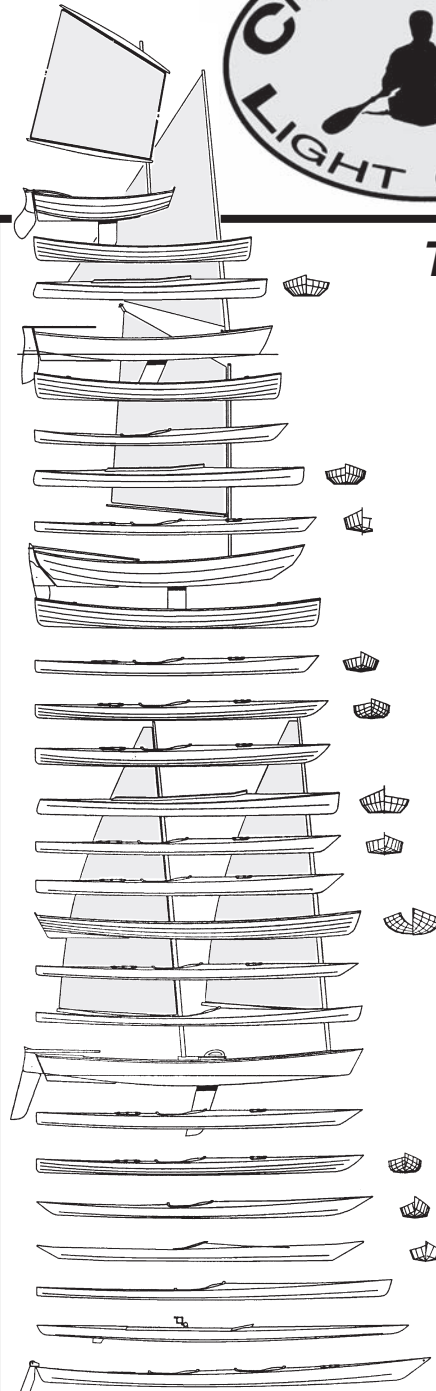
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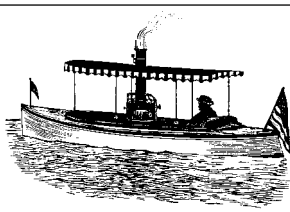
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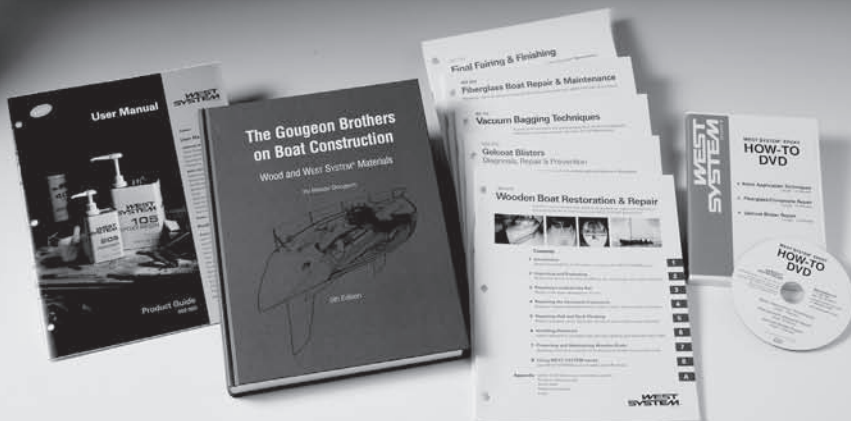
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Rhodes 19 or O'Day Mariner, keel or cb version. Roadworthy trlr a plus but not essential. Project boat OK.
SANDY VAN ZANDT Noank, CT, (860) 572-5715, svanzandt3@col.com (18)

GEAR FOR SALE

Sailboat Safety Harnesses. 2 new, \$10 ea. Snorkel Gear, snorkel, mask, 2 sets goggles, hardly used. \$10. All prices firm plus shipping.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

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BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)

Cover for Classic 16' Lyman, green canvas, snaps, approx 10'L x 7'W. Gd cond, vinyl windows yellowed. Pix by email. \$125 obo.
ROBERT KUGLER, Westport Pt. Ma, (508) 636-2236 (18)

'92 Nissan 9.9, extra long shaft, electric start, remote controls, charging system. Mostly used in fresh water. Runs well, ideal for sailboat. \$400. Old Bronze Portlights, call or email for list.
DAVE LOUX, Georgetown, DE, (302) 875-2917, loux@ce.net (19)



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A. BRIDGE, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email norsman@care2.com, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)

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BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

Kayak Gear: O'Neil Farmer John Wetsuit, hardly used, fits 6', 165lb, w/full jacket, 2pr gloves, 2pr booties, additional used vest. \$50. Wetsuit mtl cockpit skirt \$5. Contoured drop-in rigid foam seat \$5. 3 strap-in backrests \$5. 2 Seair inflatable seats (w/backrests), new, \$10 ea, 1 used \$5. 2 gel seat pads new, \$5 ea. 2 sets flotation bags (front & rear) new, \$10 ea. 1 Chipmunk deck mount diaphragm pump \$20. 4 Yakima roof rack locking raingutter clamping mounts \$20 set. Budget brand (?) roof rack cradles (4) and gunwale brackets (4) \$10. All prices firm plus shipping.
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BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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PAULAUSTIN, Box 670849, Dallas, TX 75367 (18)

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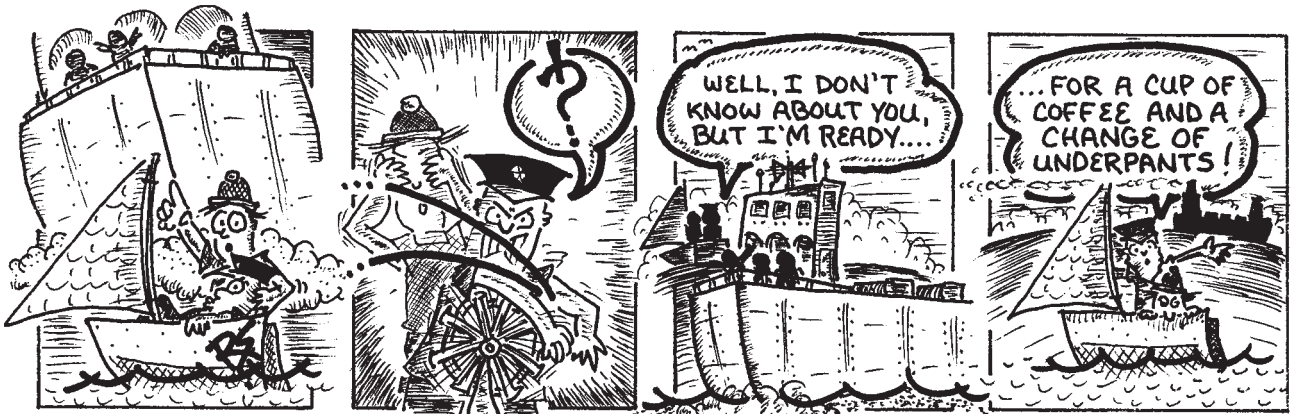
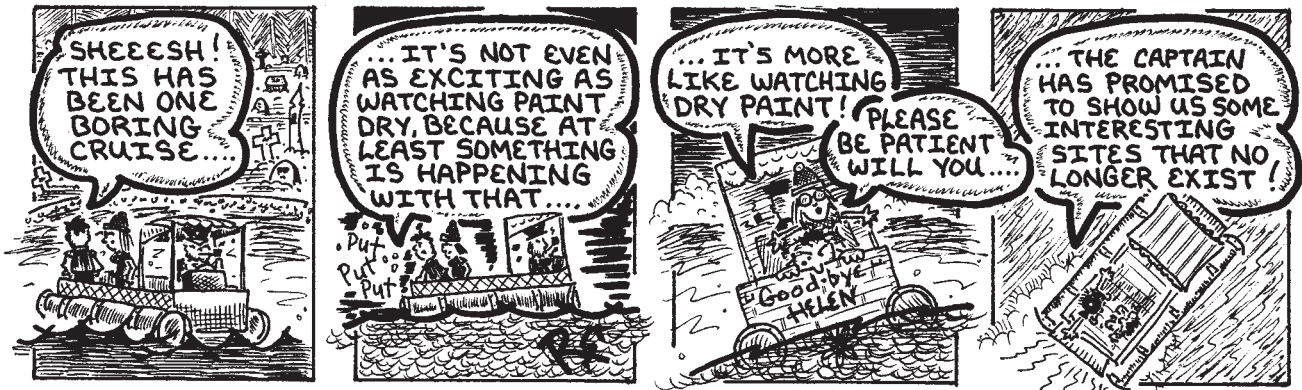
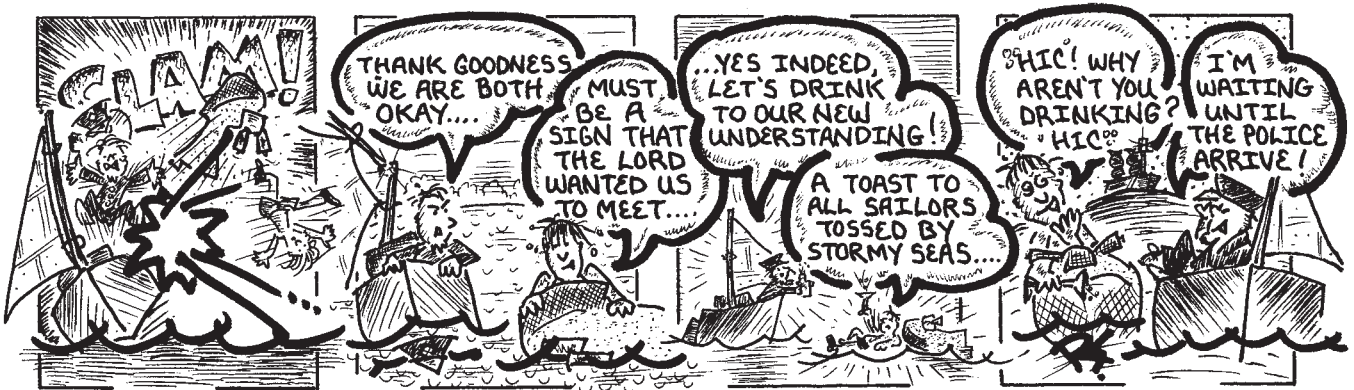
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This is Sandy Goodall, he is a sail designer and consultant with clients all over the world. In 2002 we took our boats to the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. A few minutes before race-time, Sandy came to our booth and said, "Nice boat." We said, "Thank you."

Sandy said, "The race is about to start. Is anybody going to row your boat?" We said that we'd thought about it but decided there'd be more value staying in the booth and talking to potential customers. Sandy said, "Could I race it?" We said, "Sure. Have you ever rowed a boat like this?" Sandy shook his head and said, "No." We said, "Well, 'you'd better get yourself signed up. We'll get the boat down to the water and when you're ready. we'll show you how to row it.'"

The results can be seen in the next few photographs.



This shot was take a few seconds after the start ...note Sandy's alignment with the 4th rower in the big shell.



This shot was taken a few seconds later.



This was taken is a few seconds after that.



This is Sandy having a heart attack after winning the race.

Upcoming Shows

Dec30-Jan7 National Boat Show, NY, NY
Jan 5-7 Fly-Fishing Show, Denver, CO
Jan 13-4 Fly-Fishing Show, Schaumburg, IL
Jan 19-21 Fly-Fishing Show, Marlborough, MA
Jan 26-8 Fly-Fishing Show, Somerset, NJ
Feb 15-19 Miami Boat Show, Miami, FL
Mar 9-11 Canoeopia, Madison, WI
Mar 22-25 Mt Dora Antique and Classic, Mt Dora, FL

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